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AN OLD ROAD.

A CURVE of green tree-tops,
And a common wall below,
And a winding road, that dips and drops,
Ah me ! where does it go ?
Down to the lovely days
Goes that familiar track,
And here I stand and wait and gaze,
As if they could come back.

Somewhere beneath that hill
Are children's running feet,
And a little garden fair and still,
Were never flowers so sweet !
And a house within an open door,
What *was* therein I know, —
O ! let me enter nevermore,
But still believe it so.

Up this oft-trodden slope
What visions rise and throng !
What keen remembrances of Hope
Lie shattered all along !
These flowers that never grew,
Bloom they in any clime ?
Can any spring to come renew
What died in that sweet time ?

Here I believed in fame,
And found no room for fear ;
Here sprang to meet what never came ;
Here loved — what is not here !
Not worth a moment's pause
Seemed any fallen gem,
Not worth a sigh, a glance, because
Life would be full of them.

The child in the fairy tale
Dropped tokens as he passed,
So pierced the darksome forest-veil
And found his home at last ;
I, in the falling day,
Turn back through deeper gloom,
By gathered memories feel my way
Only to find — a tomb.

For there they lie asleep,
Eyes that made all things sweet,
Hands of true pressure, hearts more deep
Than any left to beat ;
A world where all was great ;
Paths trodden not, but seen ;
Light streaming through an open gate —
The world that might have been !

Pictures, and dreams, and tears —
O Love, is this the whole ?
Nay, wrap your everlasting years
About my failing soul !
The lightest word you spake
Beyond all time shall last —
These only sleep before they wake —
In Love there is no Past !

Good Words.

M. B. SMEDLEY.

THE CLOUD.

A CLOUD came over a land of leaves
(O, hush, little leaves, lest it pass you by !)
How they had waited and watch'd for the rain,
Mountain and valley, and vineyard and plain,
With never a sign from the sky !
Day after day had the pitiless sun
Look'd down with a lidless eye.

But now ! On a sudden a whisper went
Through the topmost twigs of the poplar-
spire ;
Out of the east a light wind blew
(All the leaves trembled, and murmur'd, and
drew
Hope to the help of desire),
It stirred the faint pulse of the forest-tree
And breathed through the brake and the brier.

Slowly the cloud came : then the wind died,
Dumb lay the land in its hot suspense :
The thrush on the elm-bough suddenly stop-
ped,
The weather-warn'd swallow in mid-flying
dropped,
The linnet ceased song in the fence,
Mute the cloud moved, till it hung overhead,
Heavy, big-bosom'd, and dense.

Ah, the cool rush through the dry-tongued
trees,
The patter and plash on the thirsty earth,
The eager bubbling of rannel and rill,
The lisp of leaves that have drunk their
fill,
The freshness that follows the dearth !
New life for the woodland, the vineyard, the
vale,
New life with the world's new birth !

All The Year Round.

ROSE LEAVES.

WE stood beside the sleeping bay ;
She held my gift-rose in her hand ;
It was the last sweet trysting-day,
And then, ho ! for a strange, far land.
She plucked each tender leaf apart,
And each leaf told its tale to me —
Each leaf a hope torn from my heart :
The leaves fell fluttering by the sea.

And oft in far-off lands I thought
Of one who never could be mine ;
Who must be loved, but be unsought —
'Twas hard to love and not repine.
Those rose leaves withered on the sand,
But other roses bloom for thee ;
O lost love in the distant land,
O rose leaves withered by the sea !

Once A Week.

From The Cornhill Magazine.

THE FRENCH PRESS.

I. FIRST PERIOD.

THE FRENCH PRESS, FROM ITS FOUNDATION TO THE DEATH OF MAZARIN.

I.

THE first Frenchman to found a printed newspaper was Dr. Théophraste Renaudot, who obtained the King's privilege for the *Gazette de France* in 1631. The idea was not a new one, for the *Weekly News* existed already in England; and so far back as the year 1568, the bankers Fugger of Augsburg had instituted a commercial news-sheet called *Ordinari-Zeitungen*, which, though manuscript until the year 1600, enjoyed a very extensive circulation and differed but little from the mercantile journals established since. The Venetians, however, are said to have preceded the Germans, and the derivation of the word *gazette* is ascribed to the small coin paid by the public for copies of a news-bulletin first issued by the Council of Ten during the wars of Venice against the Turks. Others prefer tracing *gazette* to *gazza*, Italian for the garrulous magpie; and a few, with that taste for riddles which is happily imperishable, deduce the word from the Hebrew *izgard*, or messenger, thereby implying that gazettes were in some shape known to the Children of Israel at a date prior to the *Acta Diurna* of the Romans, the *Ephemeridæ* of the Athenians, and those *Daily Chronicles* of the Babylonians, by the help of which Berosius is said to have written his *History of Chaldaea*.

The French have always been very fond of news. Cæsar mentions in his *Commentaries* that the Gauls ran after strangers and mobbed them to ask whether they had any intelligence to communicate; and this practice became in time such a nuisance, by reason of the false rumours which obtained credence, that among the well-ordered tribes a law was made enjoining that strangers should first be taken before the authorities, who would decide in their wisdom what items of their information had best be kept secret.

In the Middle Ages, news were disseminated by chroniclers and troubadours; and it would be a mistake, therefore, to attribute the popularity of the latter to their mere vocal or musical proficiency. A troubadour was as welcome in hall or village as the special edition of a modern newspaper. He came from afar, had endless things to tell, and only began his singing when he had spun his yarns in prose. The troubadour's songs bore a likeness to the music-hall minstrelries of our own time, being jingling rhymes on the current topics of the day, rounded off with witticisms more or less smart, according to the skill of the singer; but the troubadour exercised many of the functions of the nineteenth century leader-writer, for he incited men to battle, and was responsible for a good many of those rebellions against excessive taxation which could never have spread so rapidly as they did had there not been men to carry from town to town in glowing language the reports of successful risings. Edward I. of England waged a pitiless war on the Welsh bards, for these men were dangerous in the same way as the National press in Ireland is dangerous now, and as the French Alsatian press is dangerous to Prince Bismarck. So again, when after the agitations for municipal franchises in Philip Augustus's time, and after the *jacqueries* in the reign of Charles V., many wandering minstrels were hanged, it was not by any means for the same reasons which conduce to the modern prosecutions of organ-grinders. As to the chronicles of the Middle Ages, these assumed towards the fifteenth century more and more the character of periodical intelligencers. They were not records which men compiled during a lifetime for posthumous publication; but summaries of contemporary events, drawn up by indefatigable writers, chiefly monks or clerks in the households of noblemen, and published four or five times a year, sometimes oftener. Such of these chronicles as are extant offer interesting mines of research to the historian. They are very minute in their narratives, and would be well worth the reading of certain enthusiasts who imagine that every

age previous to this one was steeped in barbarism up to the ears. We learn from them that there was plenty of homely liberty and of good justice, too, for those who kept clear of conspiracies, irreligion, or theft. Men went to church more than is the present fashion, dressed as the sumptuary laws required — that is, according to their means and station, without all trying to ape their betters — and were deterred by the fear of whipping from that sort of business competition which takes shape in false weights and measures. But in other respects, they had as great a fancy as their descendants for gathering in the market-places to air their grievances, and if a traveller brought them news of war, court-jousts, distant plagues, or new books, an epitome of the same was quickly engrossed on a sheet of paper, of which copies found brisk sale for something like a halfpenny of our present money.

Life being very local during the feudal era, almost every town had its chronicles, and these jumbled big events and little together in a way that was occasionally odd; but the chroniclers of Paris, writing in a city that was the centre of the whole world's news, exercised discrimination in their editing, and as a rule recorded only facts that were worth the mention. Thus in the rhyming chronicles, begun by George Chastelain and continued by Jehan Molinet over a space of seventy years — 1428–1498 — events of general importance only were inserted; and in the versical summary which concludes these chronicles, and gives the pith of them, we find the invention of printing and the discovery of America thus alluded to:—

J'ai vu grant multitude
De livres imprimés
Pour tirer en estude
Povres mal argentez ;
Par ces nouvelles modes
Aura maint escolier
Decreets, Bibles et Codes,
Sans grant argent bailler.

J'ai vu deux ou trois isles
Trouvées en mon temps,
De chucades fertiles,
Et dont les habitants

Sont d'estranges manières,
Sauvages et velus.
D'or et d'argent minières
Voit on en ces pallus.*

Gutenberg's invention did not for a long while suggest the notion of printed newspapers, but the religious wars which raged throughout the sixteenth century effected a great move in that direction by the inauguration of printed manifestoes, accounts of battles and tales of martyrdoms which the Protestants of Germany and England circulated among the Huguenots of France, and vice versâ, to fire each other's zeal. Not a Reformer crossed the frontiêre of a state where the religious strife was in progress without bringing, concealed in his saddle-bags or in the lining of his doublet, some printed scrap to tell how it fared with the good cause in the country he was leaving, and some of these scraps, notably those which were despatched from France after the massacre of St. Bartholomew, are veritable newspapers. They were written in Latin, the universal tongue then, and contained a graphic and most sensational résumé of all the cruel things that had been done — the murder of Coligny, the butchering of women and children by torchlight, the bloody mass of thanksgiving attended by Henri de Guise and his red-handed accomplices in the Church of St. Germain l'Auxerrois on the morning of the 26th of August, 1572, after the massacre was over, and even that disputed fact (though, by the way, everything is now disputed), of Charles IX. having himself fired on his Protestant subjects from a window at the Louvre. The King, who seems to have learned that reports of his high deeds were being printed, launched a fulminating edict against all and any who should be found with copies of the seditious sheets in their possession; and on the 2nd September, one Nicolas Beschelle, a barber, was hanged

* "I have seen a great multitude of printed books, to beguile into study the poor with little money. Thanks to these new fashions many a scholar will obtain Decrees, Bibles and Codes without having much to pay. I have seen two or three islands discovered in my time, fertile in mysteries, and whose inhabitants are in a singular manner wild and hairy. Mines of gold and silver are to be seen in those swamps."

on the Place de Grève for being discovered in the vain act of trying to decipher one of these luckless Latin prints, which he had just picked up in the roadway. But the religious wars laid the foundations of modern journalism in other manners than by printed handbills. The necessities of warfare led to the improvement of roads everywhere, and to the making of new ones; the communications between the capital and the provinces became more frequent; the post established by Louis IX. acquired such a development, that on the pacification of the kingdom by Henri IV. the mail began to leave Paris once every day, instead of three times a week as in Francis II.'s time, and all these improvements gave birth to a body of individuals who are the fathers of now-a-day chroniqueurs, feuilletonistes and reporters, and who constituted a very popular corporation under the name of *Nouvellistes* or *Newsmen*.

Newsmen had flourished in ancient Rome, and Livy, Seneca, Tacitus, and most other grave writers speak of them with disfavour. They were of two sorts — the *Subrotrani* and the *Parasites*: the former open-air newsmen who clustered near the *rostrum* in the Forum; the latter babbling toadies, who waited upon great people in the morning with a budget of chit-chat and tattle. Seneca says of the *Subrotrani*, that they were "shameless ferreters of anecdotes of a scandalous sort — echoes of all that is disreputable;" and Livy, that, "although these chatter-boxes have never set foot beyond the Forum, they know better than any general how an army should be commanded and a town besieged. They are great winners of lost or unfought battles." The *Parasite* is handled in a similar style by Martial:—"The fellow invents news which he relates as true. He knows what the King of the Parthians has resolved in his privy council; he can tell you to a man how many soldiers there are in the Rhine army and in that of the Sarmatians. He is in a position to communicate the substance of what the King of the Dacians has confided to his generals in secret despatches; all the hidden things of politics are familiar to him, and he is always

primed with special information. Moreover, he is cognizant of everything that takes place in town, and especially things of a scandalous nature, and he will be the first to tell you that a certain widow," &c.— Writing 1700 years later, La Bruyère and Montesquieu give exactly the same complimentary account of the Parisian newsmen as we have here of the Roman, though by the time when Montesquieu wrote, the newsmen had well-nigh disappeared under the influx of gazetteers and journalists. At the period when the newsmen of Paris were in their full flood-tide, that is, during the first half of the seventeenth century, they had five meeting-places: the Gardens of the Tuileries, those of the Palais Royal, the Great Hall at the Palais de Justice, and the Cloisters of the Augustine and Celestine Convents. By-and-by a quarrel arose between the frequenters of these rival spots as to which of them furnished the best news, and the matter gave rise to a kind of joint-stock arrangement, by which the Tuileries became, from three to five every afternoon, the head-quarters of all news collected at other places during the morning. The newsmen began their rounds at the Palace of Justice, then went to the Place de Grève, where criminals were flogged or executed at midday, and afterwards strode off in a body for the Palais Royal, in the gardens of which most stock-exchange operations were effected. Towards three, a veteran newsman, who acted as master of the ceremonies, came, and made a selection of the most decently dressed among the Palais Royal set (for the sentries at the Tuileries admitted none but well-dressed people), and with these in tow, set off for the terrace skirting the present river-side quay. Here a regular bubble and *canard* mart was held.

Those who wish to form any conception of it can find a pale reflex in the Bourse of our own time on a panic day, in the *Petite Bourse* held every evening by Parisian stock-jobbers in the Passage de l'Opéra. But what are these squib exchanges, even at the most excited moments, compared to the Tuileries at the date when there were no public prints to

take off the keen edge of the popular craving for news? Imagine several hundreds of Frenchmen, in wigs and knee-breeches, pressing towards a particular spot, as if their lives depended upon it. Women are there, and great ladies, with escorts of perfumed smirkers; King Charles' dogs, too, held in leash by silk ribbons, and yelping as their devoted tails and paws are trodden on by the headlong rush. Rings are formed everywhere, and men with their froggish faces aglow, in officious vanity, are declaiming falsehoods as loud and fast as they can remember them—gesticulations, mimicry, and maybe a tear or two now and then, being called in aid to lend a dramatic emphasis where needed. Wonders are heaped on wonders, fables on fables, and the listeners raise their hands aloft, or shout, or stare aghast, or titter in unison with delighted relish if the narrator be wag enough (and, trust a Frenchman on that score) to interlard his horrors with some neat bit of libel concerning any *grande dame* well known. The news-bawlers are of all sorts, sizes, and degrees. One had come straight from the war with his arm in a sling, another had received a long letter—for all letters were long then—from a correspondent in Spain, Turkey, or Scotland; a third saw Cinq Mars and De Thou beheaded with his own eyes; a fourth has got a fat Englishman by his side, who arrived in Paris that morning, and whom he has pumped dry ever since for the public behoof; a fifth can tell all about the new Papal nuncio, who entered Versailles, with true Christian humility, drawn by eight horses, and preceded by a hundred menials in livery, and so on. Meanwhile from group to group, with ink-horns at their button-holes, quills behind their ears, and note-books in hand, dart the salaried newsmen of great nobles, jotting entries on flying leaves; and ever and anon, breathless, perspiring, and racing one another, hurry up the red, blue or yellow varlets of these nobles, who snatch the leaves as they are ready, and pelt back home to their masters—neither more nor less than if they were carrying modern telegrams. Some of the newsmen have larger and more eager audiences than others—old hands these, who can lie with the coolest assurance; they are known like crack bookmakers in the betting-rings, or like the acutest among bulls and bears in the jobbing markets. Philosophers may despise such, but philosophers are not common; and to the average Parisian, who can spare an hour every

day—as which of them cannot?—this diurnal orgie of false reports is as dram-drinking in Olympus, something sweeter far and more intoxicating than the sip of absinthe and the perusal of *Charivari* which regale the bourgeois mind in this present century of grace. So the crowds increase, and the *petits maîtres* strut about in their red-heeled shoes, endeavouring to look as if they knew more than all the newsmen put together; and bullies, with vinous voices, though no longer aggressive since Cardinal Richelieu has beheaded the Marquis of Beuvron and Count de Boutteville-Montmorency for duelling, bray huskily that they have State secrets to sell for two farthings; and here and there a determined housewife elbows her way through the press, on the look out for her frivolous lord, who is wasting his time here instead of being behind his counter,* and presently the lord in question may be seen waddling back to his merchandise, in uxorial custody, looking penitent enough. And as the minutes flit by the fates of empires and kings are decided for the greater glory of the French nation: Gustavus Adolphus defeats the imperialists, the Protestants of La Rochelle eat one another's boots and capitulate, Louis the Just is going to divorce his wife because of the Duke of Buckingham, the poisoning Marchioness of Brinvilliers swallowed a dozen buckets of water before confessing; and his Eminence of Richelieu is a great man—may God promote him to heaven as soon as convenient! All this until the hour of closing arrives, when the Swiss Guard clear the gardens to the rattle of their kettle-drums, and the population of *ba-*

* The rage of certain shopkeepers for hearing news is frequently alluded to in the comedies of the day, and one of these introducing an indignant wife among the newsmen of the Tuileries makes her exclaim:

“ Messieurs, je vous demande excuse,
Mais je croyais avoir vous
Trouver mon faînéant d'époux,
Qui tous les jours ici s'amuse,
Et fait le nouvelliste au milieu de cent fous.
Quand chez un procureur il va pour ses affaires,
Il oublie en causant ce qui l'y fait aller,
Pourvu qu'il nouvellise, il n'y songe plus guère,
Et s'en revient sans en parler.
Dernièrement tout prêt à rendre l'âme,
Il pensa me faire enrager,
Et d'un air tout mourant il me disait, 'Ma femme,
N'as-tu rien de nouveau? Si tu veux m'obliger,
Va t'en chercher, je te conjure,
Quelque nouvelle qui soit sûre.'
A son apothécaire il en disait autant,
A son médecin tout de même:
Ils avaient beau le voir avec un soin extrême:
Sans nouvelles jamais il n'en était content;
S'ils n'en apportaient pas, il leur faisais la mine,
Et nous étions obligés quelquefois
D'en inventer entre nous trois
Pour l'engager à prendre médecine.”

daud Frenchmen disperse to their homes, praying there may be things newer still for to-morrow. But when the labours of the Tuileries are over, all is not finished yet for the leading newsmongers. Back in their lodgings, or seated in one of the coffee-houses of the Rue St. Antoine, they dictate to a staff of tattered scribes the news-letters they are paid to send regularly to courtiers at St. Germain and Versailles, or to provincial nobles. And arduous compositions some of these letters are for the newsman, who has his reputation to maintain and many hungry and unscrupulous competitors to outdo. So he takes care not to be dry. He flavours his facts with epigrams, his anecdotes with puns, and his politics with satire, which might cost him those useful ears of his if he bruited it aloud in the highways. On the whole, he produces a diverting letter, which must have been a boon indeed to the recipient; and which even the explorer of to-day, when he discovers it among the dusty piles of the library at the Arsenal, that of St. Geneviève, or the National Library in the Rue de Richelieu, may read with profit and not without admiration.

II.

THINGS were in this state when the Dr. Théophraste Renaudot above mentioned came to Paris. He was a shrewd man, born at Loudun in 1567, brought up in Paris, but graduate of the Faculty of Montpellier. In 1612, being then twenty-six, he returned to the capital, and somehow got appointed at once Doctor to the King. But there was no salary attached to this post, which was in his case purely honorary, and so Renaudot opened a school, though the fact that he, a mere provincial doctor, had obtained a medical appointment at court, was very sore to the Paris Faculty of Medicine, who began to annoy him from that moment. Renaudot, however, was a man far ahead of his contemporaries in sagacity, patience, learning and humanity. Petty spite did not disturb him, or at least it did not deter him from executing any of the numerous plans he had in mind for the welfare of his contemporaries. He first inaugurated a free dispensary; and, being no friend to the bleeding and drugging processes then in violent vogue, he treated his patients with simple remedies, which were in direct contravention to those usually prescribed, but which oddly enough often cured them. This of course raised a grievous outcry. That a man

should venture to invent new physic was bad enough, but that he should have the face to cure any one by its means was not to be stood for a moment. Guy Patin, the most celebrated physician; Duval, who had not his equal for cutting off a leg, especially when amputation was unnecessary, and the entire School of Medicine, fell on him tooth and nail. He had been impudent enough to assert that a roasted mouse was not a sovereign cure for gunshot wounds, that cobwebs boiled in camomile were silly things for an indigestion, and that nobody had yet been cured of the jaundice by swallowing the yolk of an egg with fleas in it. The School solemnly banned these heresies, and Renaudot received notice to close his dispensary under pain of being prosecuted for practising as a doctor in Paris without being duly qualified by a degree from the Parisian University. But Richelieu, who knew a clever man when he saw one, sent for Duval, and told him significantly that he should like to see him make it up with Renaudot. At the same time he appointed the latter Commissioner General for the sick and sound poor of the kingdom; authorized him to open a hospital in the St. Antoine quarter (each patient was to have a bed to himself in this hospital—a novel luxury), and was gracious enough to take an interest in some chemical discoveries which Renaudot had made, and which supplied new curatives to the *Materia Medica*. Emboldened by this patronage, Renaudot now added to the tale of his sins by annexing a pawn-office to his dispensary. A third of their value was to be advanced on pledges, and the interest charged was no more than 3 per cent. per annum. A clause specified, however, that the pledge was to be forfeited if not redeemed at the proper time; but Renaudot never availed himself of this privilege; and, to the great scandal of all Lombards, Jews and others, who had never lent for less than 25 per cent. and had always forfeited without mercy, this new establishment prospered in such wise as utterly to supplant its rivals. Need it be said that the Lombards and Jews unanimously protested in the name of the down-trodden poor against such usurious practices as the above, and that Guy Patin made a new and most desperate attempt to get Renaudot struck off the roll of practitioners as a mountebank. But once again Richelieu shielded the man with his strong arm, and Renaudot quietly struck out in a new philanthropic direction, by

instituting his famous *Bureaux d'Adresses et de Rencontre*. These were what we should call a *General Estate and Agency Office*; with an "Exchange and Mart" superadded; they met a want which must have been sadly felt before, and if they were Renaudot's only creation, they would still entitle him to rank very high as a benefactor of his species.

By paying three halfpence, equivalent to about fivepence of our money, anybody could go and register his wants, or be put into communication with other advertisers able to supply him with what he needed. People who sought to sell, let, purchase, or hire estates, houses, or lodgings; masters who were seeking servants, tutors, clerks, mechanics, and domestics desiring situations; tradesmen or private persons in search of loans; inquirers wanting information on matters legal, administrative, medical, historical, or geographical; owners of property who were anxious to effect exchanges or sales—all these found assistance at the *Bureaux d'Adresses*. But this was only the primitive form of the institution. By-and-by show-rooms were erected, where people could deposit property for exchange or sale, without letting their names be known. Renaudot drew up a code of regulations, which we would gladly quote but for its length; and in this he had not only laid down rules most considerate and intelligent, but furnished his reasons for them. Amongst other things he said: "People may well be excused for not desiring everybody to know that they wish to sell or exchange their goods. Let these confide their names in private to us: we will ticket their property with a reference number, and the transaction can be effected without publicity." Again: "Certain persons in search of a lawyer or doctor cannot of themselves know, or at most know only by doubtful rumour, what lawyers or what doctors are best able to plead their special causes or to treat the particular maladies with which they are afflicted. To all such we will make it our business truthfully to say, 'This lawyer is renowned for his knowledge of land laws; this one is better suited for commercial cases; this third can eloquently defend a prisoner unjustly accused of treason.' And as regards doctors, 'This one has been more successful than any other in treating small-pox; that other is much distinguished for his cure of wounds,' &c. And Renaudot was as good as his word, for in this sec-

tion of his *Bureaux*, which might so easily have degenerated into a puff advertisement concern, he classed friends and foes alike, according to the position which public opinion assigned them. There is a double entry in Renaudot's professional register, which is eloquent and almost touching, considering how cruelly the two men it names had persecuted him. "*Surgical operations*.—I know of no better surgeon than M. Duval, who lives in the Rue de la Ferronnerie. His skill is very great; and always bestowed with courtesy." "*Diseases of the eye, ulcers, eruptions on the skin*.—M. Guy Patin, physician to his Majesty, should be consulted by all persons afflicted as above. He is without a rival in these branches of the art."

Elsewhere in his Code of Rules Renaudot says: "Men intending to travel are often unacquainted as to the shortest and easiest routes they should take; moreover, they know nothing of the towns through which they must pass; and again, many of them would like to make sure of a place where their letters could be sent during their absence and forwarded to them with punctuality. I will accordingly furnish all intending travellers with an itinerary telling them what roads are the safest and what hostleries in the provinces offer the best accommodation to man and beast. I will also receive letters and parcels in deposit for all, not travellers only, whose convenience might be suited thereby; and I will forward, on payment of the required sum in my office, an order for an equivalent sum on any correspondent I may have—and my correspondents are numerous—in provincial cities." Elsewhere again Renaudot undertakes to draw up petitions or to write letters for the illiterate, to transmit parcels to any part of Paris, Versailles, or St. Germain, to advertise objects lost or stolen, and to keep a register wherein people could write messages for persons whose addresses they ignored or with whom for some other reason they were unable to correspond directly. So that this extraordinary man not only inaugurated in France an Estate, Professional and Servants' Agency, as well as an office for private sales and exchanges, but further laid the basis of the Poste Restante, Parcels Delivery, Post-Office Directory, Tourist's Guide and Money Order Office; besides affording an outlet to troubled spirits like those who correspond through the agony column of *The Times*. It is

not surprising that his office in the Rue de la Calandre should soon have been all too small for its multifarious duties and that his original staff of six clerks should, in less than three months, have swelled to fifty. Richelieu, in sheer admiration at the man, sent for him and thanked him for the services he was rendering the King's subjects. He also offered him money to extend his offices, and this Renaudot accepted, but only as a loan. It was his custom to levy a commission of six deniers * per livre (franc) on the sales he effected, and by means of these and other receipts he soon repaid the Cardinal every penny that had been advanced to him. But he did more than this. Finding that his registers were not always convenient modes of reference, by reason of the excessive crowds which pressed round them, he brought out a printed advertiser, which is almost the exact prototype of a journal at present well known in London. It was called *Feuille du Bureau d'Adresses*, and appeared every Saturday, at the price of 1 sou.

Opinions differ as to whether this paper preceded the *Gazette de France*, or was issued simultaneously with it. Probably it was first published in manuscript form, but came out in print at least six months before the *Gazette*, for a number bearing the date of June 14th, 1631, shows a periodical in full organization and containing indirect references to advertisements which must have appeared several weeks before. At all events this *Feuille* was purely an advertisement sheet—a forerunner of the *Petites Affiches* which were reinvented in 1746—it was in no sense a newspaper. Here are a few extracts which will mark its character.—

22. Wanted to sell or exchange a new coat of scarlet cloth (royal seal quality), lined with satin of the same colour and embroidered with silver lace. Price eight crowns; or the value would be taken in colonial produce.

27. A pair of earrings for sale or exchange. Two pearls, pear-shaped, and very white. Price 100 livres; or exchanges in lace for ladies' collar and sleeves.

37. A fragment of the true holy cross, encased under a diamond, which forms the centre of a cross lately belonging to the deceased Cardinal Archbishop of Rouen. It will protect its wearer in battle, and save from all dangers by sea. Price 250 crowns; or its

owner would pledge it a year for 200 crowns, at 10 per cent. interest. Glory be to God!

40. A soldier who has lost a leg and an eye in the King's service, thanks be to Heaven! will sell or exchange his sword, which is of no more use to him, but which came from his father and his grandsire before that, and is beautified by a silver hilt richly carved and firm to hold. It has never been drawn but in the cause of the true faith, and has spilled the blood of heretics more than could be numbered. It would leap out of the scabbard unbidden at the sight of a Huguenot, nor less obedient to the empire of love, would it ever fail a brave knight who unsheathed it to guard his mistress. It would be the fitting companion of a clear heart and loyal hand; and the price of it is 28 crowns. Or, in exchange, would be taken any article suitable to an aged warrior with more honour than means, though no blame is intended on our King, who recompenses all his servants with generosity above their deserts.

Then under the heading of *Affaires Meslées*, we find:—

103. A young dromedary for sale at a reasonable price.

107. An atlas by Henricus Hondius. Price 48 livres.

109. A man will give an invention for stopping game and preventing it from leaving a wood, or once it has gone out, from re-entering therein otherwise than at the spot one desires.

115. A companion wanted to travel to Italy with.*

124. Lodgings to let in full view of the spot where evil-doers are most justly executed.

Then we come to advertisements of *The Times* order:—

If the gentleman with the blue feather, who saved two ladies wearing masks in the Rue St. Denis from the insolences of a drunkard, is as tender-hearted as he is brave, he will find one of his obliged servants ready to thank him without her mask at the gate of the Place Royal to-morrow at 4 in the afternoon.

From L. to H. Once only, but never again. I thank God, but next Him the man who brained the mad dog at my shop door last Monday, and went away without listening to my gratitude. Modesty is the diadem of courage, but my wife and children would have been glad to embrace the friend who shielded us from a great peril, which makes us still shudder.

* Advertisements of this order were very numerous, for persons seldom set out for a long journey singly; but waited until they could hear of a number more with whom they could make up a party strong enough to defend itself against highwaymen. It was not the least of Renaudot's services that he inquired into the respectability of companions who offered themselves, in order that an honest man might no more be exposed to travel with a rogue, who, once clear of Paris, would relieve him of his purse and luggage.

* The currency of that time was as follows: 15 deniers = 1 sol or sou; 20 sols = 1 livre tournois (franc); 3 livres = 1 écu (crown); 20 livres = 1 louis-d'or.

Stolen, with unequalled effrontery, from an honest man who was returning home at night near the Church of St. Paul, a new cloak of gray cloth, a hat with a silver buckle, and a belt with a purse attached to it. The cloak and the hat were marked inside with the letters P. Y., and obedient subjects of the King are cautioned against buying them.

The advertisements numbered many hundreds, and were very neatly classed, the size of the paper being ordinary folio, with three columns to a page. It is clear that from the moment he started his *Feuille du Bureau d'Adresses*, Renaudot must have conceived the possibility of founding a news-sheet; but, even if he had never published his advertisements, this idea must still have occurred to him. In the first place, his agency business brought an immense amount of varied intelligence to his knowledge; in the next place, he was the intimate friend of the genealogist, d'Hozier, who wrote him from abroad most long and chatty letters, which he would read to his patients lying sick in bed, much to their improvement; and, in the third place, the manuscript *News Letters* had attained, by the year 1630, to such a pitch of perfection, and found such a ready sale, that the notion of further popularizing them by printing must have suggested itself to more than one man before it was actually put into practice. But the great bar was this, that nothing could be printed without the King's privilege, and this privilege was not lightly granted. Edicts of a most sanguinary nature had been launched against clandestinely printed pamphlets in 1553, 1560, 1561, 1563, and 1570. From the year 1600 to 1610, these edicts had been renewed twice and three times every year, though, whilst Henri IV. reigned, delinquents were not hanged, but only fined for their first offence, and whipped for the second and following. But Louis XIII. set to whipping, imprisoning, and banishing erring printers as soon as he came of age; and in 1620 he even tried to interfere with the written *News Letters*; "which," says the royal edict, "have become a grievous nuisance by reason of the falsehoods and scandals they contain, and must henceforth be written with truth and propriety or not at all; failing which, their authors must dread our displeasure." This of course did not suit the newsmen; and they easily foresaw that, if obliged to submit their amusing productions in a printed shape to official censorship, these elucubrations would be shorn of half their at-

tractions. Accordingly, they avoided printing; and manuscript letters continued in vogue for several years after Renaudot launched his *Gazette*. This, by-the-by, was the case in England as well as in France. Here the laws about printing were as severe as there, and the *Evening Post*, published during the early years of Charles I.'s reign, expresses its astonishment that country gentlemen should pay 3*l.* and 4*l.* a year to have a *News Letter* sent them, when they could subscribe to the printed journal for 2*s.* a copy. In time, however, the *Post* found that it was no use trying to outvie the *News Letters* in interest, and so hit upon the sagacious expedient of leaving two of its pages blank, in order that those newsmen might fill them up by hand, and so afford country subscribers the double advantage of licensed news in print, and unlicensed tittle-tattle in writing.

Renaudot, who had no wish to publish tattle, had no reason to fear censorship. He addressed himself to Richelieu, and craved leave to start a printed newspaper under royal patronage. The politic Cardinal was quite shrewd enough to see how useful might be to him an organ which would set information before the public in the manner he desired, and in that manner alone; so he granted all Renaudot wished, in the form of "letters patent," securing him an entire monopoly of printing newspapers, and moreover he conferred on his protégé the pompous title of Historiographer of France. The first number of the *Gazette de France* appeared on Friday, May 30, 1631.

III.

Its size was four quarto pages, and its price one sol parisien, i.e. 1-2*s.*, worth about 1 1-2*s.* modern money. The publication of the paper had been heralded by a prospectus, very long, minute, and shrewd as usual, but of which no copy remains. All we know for certain is, that curiosity was much excited, and that 500 impressions of the first number were struck and sold in one day—no mean achievement considering the tediousness of printing by the old wooden hand-presses. The first number contained no preface or address, nothing in the way of a leading article, but plunged at once *in medias res*, and gave news from nineteen foreign towns or countries, but, oddly enough, not a line of French intelligence. This is the order in which the items were classed, and their dates. From Constantinople, April 2nd, 1631; Rome, April

26th (and under this heading came the news from Spain and Portugal); North Germany, April 30th; Freistadt in Silesia, May 1st; Venice, May 2nd; Vienna, May 3rd; Stettin and Lubeck, May 4th; Frankfort-on-the-Oder, Prague, Hamburg, and Leipzig, May 5th; Mayence, May 6th; Lower Saxony, May 9th; Frankfort-on-the-Main, May, 14th; Amsterdam, May 17th; and Antwerp, May 24th. The indication of place and date stood in the margin.

Here is the first paragraph, and a portion of the last : —

Constantinople, 2nd April, 1631. — The King of Persia, with 15,000 horses and 50,000 foot soldiers, besieges Dille, at two days' march from Babylon, where the Grand Signior has ordered all his janissaries to muster under pain of death; and continues, notwithstanding this occupation, to wage a merciless war against those who use tobacco, condemning them to be suffocated by smoke.*

Antwerp, 24th May. — The drum beats all over North Germany. It is hoped that the Dutch will make no greater show this year than they did last, for we shall attack them first. . . . We have good chiefs; amongst others, the Marquises of St. Croix and Ayton, the Duke of Lerma, Don Carle Colomne, Counts John of Nassau and Henri de Bergue, who has the command in chief on land, and Count de Vaguens, who is vice-admiral, and to whom has been granted 350,000 crowns a year to defray the expenses of his fleet.

The bulk of the matter inserted was furnished direct by Richelieu from the Foreign Office, and several of the paragraphs were written in his own hand. This accounts for the accuracy of the information, and also for the serious tone the paper assumed from the first. No French notes appear till the sixth number, bearing date July 4th, 1631, and then we light upon this : —

Paris, 3rd July. — Here is being continued the beautiful impression of the great Bible in nine volumes and eight languages, which will be completed in a year. We invite all nations to take part in it, with better reason than the Sybarites who convoked the guests to their feasts a year beforehand.

In the seventh number, July 11th, 1631, appears this piece of court intelligence : —

St. Germain-en-Laye, 10th July. — The Marquis of La Fuente del Soro, sent by the Cath-

olic King to congratulate his Majesty on recovering his health at Lyons, and who arrived a month ago, is about to return to Spain, which country shows France by this act that she is really in no hurry to pay her compliment, seeing that everybody had forgotten the King's illness. His Majesty gracefully conveyed this by remarking that he had been in good health these ten months. Thus Tiberius, condoled with tardily by the Thebans on the death of his nephew Germanicus, replied that he was unable to console himself for the loss of their great captain Achilles, so unhappily slain before Troy. In truth, and grace be to God, his Majesty was never better in his life.

The publication of the *Gazette* was continued uninterruptedly from week to week, but the press of matter was so great that Renaudot took to issuing a Supplement with the last number of every month. In this he condensed the reports of the preceding numbers, corrected errors, added fresh news, and answered his detractors, who, as may be surmised, had gathered in squads, large and vindictive enough to form a fine host at every new step he made in public usefulness. One is really bound to think well of human nature on seeing that this unfortunate man, who had never done any one an ill turn in his life, who was invariably gentle, humane, and public-spirited, and who made use of the great influence he possessed both with the King and the Cardinal for no other ends than those of charity and mercy, was nevertheless harried, reviled, and plagued in a hundred petty ways, as if he were the lowest of charlatans. It is difficult to convey an idea of the torrents of abuse in rich medico-dog Latin which Guy Patin and the rest of the Doctors' school poured down on him. Guy Patin calls him *Cacophraste Rendaudot*, "*nebulo hebdomadarius, omnium bipedum nequissimus et mendacissimus et maledicentissimus, qui indiget heleboro aut acriori medicina, flamma et ferro.*" Then when Renaudot, instead of flying into a passion, replies with seraphic mildness, Patin shrieks, — "*Habet frontem meretricis, nescit erubescere!*" One may remark that it argues a large degree of independence that a man like Patin should have dared thus to speak of an enterprise which was known to be as much Richelieu's as Renaudot's own. But Richelieu was too great a man to care for the crowing of small birds. There is something very grand and statesmanlike in the patronage which this king among ministers bestowed upon the gazetteer. He did not meddle with him, left him to

* This anti-tobacconist Sultan was Amurath IV. The Schah Abbas, his contemporary, ordered that all snuff-takers should have their noses cut off. Pope Innocent VIII. excommunicated smokers, and doomed them to hell-fire; and our own dull James I. wrote a silly book against them.

manage his own affairs and fight his own battles; but whatever assistance Renaudot required, that he gave at once freely and generously; and if Renaudot had been viciously inclined, and had asked for the extermination of any of his persecutors, the Cardinal would unquestionably have made short work of these gentlemen.* As it was, Renaudot naïvely disputed with his enemies once a month, and soon he had the sense to give up even that. At the end of the year 1631 he suppressed his monthly Supplement, increased the *Gazette* to eight pages, and announced that for the future he would issue Supplements as they were needed. It seems they were needed pretty often, for towards the beginning of the year 1633 Renaudot published Supplements, under the title of *Ordinaires* and *Extraordinaires*, as often as twice, and even three times in one week. In fact, whenever a budget of news arrived which would nowadays justify a special edition, the indefatigable editor set his criers afoot with a fresh printed sheet, shouting, "Buy the *Extraordinaire*, containing the account of the superb burial of the King of Denmark!" or, "Buy and read of the capture of the beautiful island of Curaçoa in the Indies by the Dutch from the Spaniards!" Renaudot understood the noble art of puffing. He dressed his criers in red, and gave them a trumpet apiece to go and bray the praises of the *Gazette* on the off days, when the paper did not appear.

All the *Gazettes* for the year 1631, thirty-two in number, were bound up in a volume at the end of the twelvemonth, along with a portrait of Renaudot and two prefaces, one to the King, the other to the public. Poor dreary Louis XIII. was very fond of Renaudot, and took a childish pleasure in the *Gazette* as in a new toy. As Richelieu wisely left his

Majesty few of the cares of state, the King was reduced to looking out of the window and dismally gaping when there was no battle or hunting going on; accordingly it was a rare treat to him when he could slip out in disguise of an evening to the Rue de la Calandre, accompanied by a couple of his gentlemen, and stand watching prose of his own being set up in type. He was a frequent contributor. The quarrels he had with his wife, Anne of Austria, cost him much misery; but he revenged himself by writing spiteful bits about her Majesty and her pet Spanish courtiers; and laughed in his royal sleeve when all these people cackled about in their amazement with copies of the impudent sheet in their hands. One of the kingly notes which Renaudot inserted,* at a time when a royal divorce was in serious contemplation, was remembered by Anne of Austria, and nearly brought Renaudot into trouble after the King died; but so long as Louis XIII. lived he would hear no evil of his gazetteer: and, when some flushed Spaniard came to ask for redress, his Majesty played moodily with the tips of his gloves, and looked far away out of the window, as if he were deaf. Renaudot may well be excused for writing of his King, under these circumstances, in a strain somewhat hyperbolic. In his preface he vows that Louis XIII. has earned more glory by himself alone than all his predecessors put together, and he adds: "For the rest, Sire, my journal is the *gazette* of kings and rulers of the earth. All that is in it is for them and by them, and is intended to serve their glory." In his preface to the public, Renaudot breaks into a more humorous vein, and sketches the tribulations from which many an editor since his time has suffered. "Soldiers would like to see the paper teem with battles and feats of arms; litigants would have it full of law reports; the devout care for nothing but lists of preachers and précis of sermons" (in his fourteenth number, first year, Renaudot began to publish regularly, "A list of preachers in all the churches next Sunday"); "those who have not been to court, would never

* A fact to the eternal honour of Renaudot, and in a less measure, to that of Richelieu, deserves notice here. When the Cardinal, for state reasons, cruelly put to death Urbain Grandier, Renaudot, though bound to Richelieu by so many obligations, had the courage to publish an eloquent pamphlet in vindication of the murdered man, who was his fellow-townsmen. Richelieu was well aware that Renaudot had done this, but he took no notice of it, and never abated his kindness. The fact is, Richelieu was the man to commit a crime when the interests of his policy seemed to need it, but he had too much magnanimity to resent the judgment which might be passed on his action by an honest mind, considering the matter superficially, without a knowledge of the motives which had prompted it. Well might Peter the Great, when he visited Paris, go straight to the tomb of Richelieu, and, kneeling by it, exclaim: "Great man! were you alive, I would give you half my empire, if you would teach me to govern the other half!"

* It is in the number dated 4th June, 1633, or rather in some of them, for the note was sent down by Richelieu when half the edition had been struck off. Renaudot was obliged to stop the presses and find place for the note, which contained twenty-eight lines. It was inserted at the end of the paper, but some copies of the original edition had already been sold, so that there are two different *Gazettes* extant bearing date June 4, 1633. The first edition, however, is very rare; and we believe no collection of the *Gazette* contains both numbers.

tire of seeing us describe court pageants, and those who have carried so much as a parcel in safety from Paris to St. Germain are offended if they do not see the exploit recorded with full honours in our pages." Renaudot explains the impossibility of satisfying everybody, and concludes with the assurance that he shall always be delighted to publish news of general interest, and to accept any corrections or suggestions for the improvement of his paper which may be offered him.

It appears that Renaudot for a while conducted the *Gazette* entirely by himself; but as he kept up his agencies, his loan-office and his dispensary, the tax on his time was too great, and he was obliged, with Richelieu's assistance, to organize a regular staff. Mézeray, Bautru, Voiture, and La Calprenède became the foremost among his fellow-contributors, and they were all remarkable men, whose equals in scholarship and professional dignity it would be difficult to find on the French press of the year 1873. Their functions were rather to edit or translate the correspondence from abroad into good French, than to furnish matter or opinions of their own; and in this they succeeded so well that the *Gazette* was reputed from its foundation until 1792, as the most correctly written of all newspapers. Voltaire, who was not an indulgent critic, says in the *Encyclopædia* that the *Gazette de France* has always been "revised with great care and composed in excellent French;" and Grimm, writing in 1769, calls the *Gazette* "the most insipid, impolite, and correctly edited of all newspapers." The impoliteness refers to a habit which the *Gazette* had contracted of never qualifying any one, save members of the Royal Family, as "Monsieur." In mentioning noblemen, their titles alone were given as "Le Duc de" instead of "M. le Duc de;" all untitled persons were designated as "le Sieur." . . . Voltaire could not stomach this formula either, and Grimm exclaims in his disgust, "It is supremely impertinent and ridiculous to write twice a week 'Le Sieur Pitt' when the Sieur Pitt is the arbiter of the old continent and the new.* But the *Gazette* clung to this old tradition, on the ground that, being an official journal, it was bound to give the King's subjects

those titles only which of right belonged to them.

The staff of the *Gazette* were not paid out of the profits of that paper, but by pensions from the Civil List, averaging in the case of the four gentlemen above alluded to, 1,500 crowns a year (180*l.*, equivalent to 500*l.* of our money). The *Gazette* can never have been worked at a profit, nor, indeed, have paid its expenses. The Supplements were too numerous, and the price, considering the size of the paper, much too small. In addition to this, Renaudot was, from the first, trammelled by shameless piracies. Provincial publishers reprinted the *Gazette* as soon as it reached them, adding some local items to give it an extra zest, and sold the whole under titles of their own. Renaudot was obliged to appeal to the law courts, and eventually it was arranged that certain publishers at Avignon, Lyons, Rouen, Aix, and Bordeaux should have the privilege of reprinting, subject to a yearly payment. But it was not without trouble that Renaudot secured this settlement, and meanwhile sundry Parisian printers had begun to emulate their country brethren, and pirated Renaudot under his very nose. The principles of copyright were but imperfectly understood then, and it seemed a gross thing to the printers of Paris that Renaudot should enjoy the exclusive prerogative of printing news, "the which," as they contended, "being things of public interest, were no man's private property, but belonged to everybody." Renaudot himself was a little hazy in his views, and instead of arguing that the works of a man's brain were as much his as the works of his hands, based his case entirely on the royal monopoly he had obtained, and pleaded energetically that nobody had the right to publish an opposition print of any sort whatever. The advantages of a spirited business competition had evidently not penetrated his mind, nor had they that of Louis XIII., who, in a series of cholerical decrees signed at Fontainebleau and Paris, threatened with his severest wrath any who should continue their piracies, "to the great grief, hurt, and scandal of our truly well-beloved liege the Sieur Renaudot." The Parliament of Paris judged to the same effect. The *Gazette* was ruled to be a monopoly in the hands of Renaudot and his heirs for ever; and on the death of Renaudot, he was succeeded by his sons Eusèbe and Isaac, who in their turn bequeathed the *Gazette*

* The term Sieur (Sir) means really the same thing as Monsieur (My Sir), but there is the conventional difference between the two which exists between Mr. and Esquire in England. The French law writs, summonses, and judgments denominate all untitled persons to this day as "le Sieur," much to the humiliation of these professed lovers of equality.

to Eusèbe junior, son of the elder brother, who took orders and consequently left no progeny. After this the *Gazette* became Government property, like the *London Gazette*, and Louvois appointed M. de Guilleragues, gentleman of the bed-chamber and private secretary to the King, to be editor at a salary of 10,000 livres. The size of the paper was then increased from eight pages to twelve. After M. de Guilleragues, came M. de Bellizani, a renowned wit; and his two next successors were courtiers skilled in writing, but not otherwise remarkable. In 1762 the *Gazette* was annexed to the Foreign Office Department, and appeared for the first time with the royal arms, and twice a week instead of once. The publishing days were Monday and Friday; the paper was reduced to four pages and the subscription lowered from eighteen to twelve livres a year, M. Raymond de St. Albine, a scholar and gentleman of excellent family, being appointed editor at a salary of 15,000 livres (600*l.*). M. de St. Albine did not keep this editorship long, and it was conferred jointly on two men renowned for their friendship, Suard and the Abbé Arnaud. These, thanks to the Duchess of Grammont, sister to the Duke of Choiseul, the Prime Minister, obtained that they should manage the financial as well as the literary department, and divide the profits with the Foreign Office. The *Gazette* had become a paying concern by that time, and the editors shared 20,000 livres a year between them. On the fall of Choiseul, however, Suard and Arnaud were dismissed in favour of a police censor called Marin, whose peculiar style of composition — sensational as it would be termed now — put in vogue the word *marinade* as applied to all writing that was high-flown and affected. Marin was turned out with some ignominy on the accession of Louis XVI. in 1774, and the editorship fell to a clever priest, who had already conducted several other journals — l'Abbé Aubert. But the Abbé soon showed that he was more at home in financial duties, and was relegated to the managership, while the titular editor became one M. Bret, an honest, but dull man, "whose only sin," says La Harpe, "is, that he has persisted in writing forty years without talent." Bret was only titular editor, because at this time Louis XVI. took to revising all the proofs of the *Gazette de France* himself. He was very expert in that business, and had a peculiar editorial tact for excising redun-

dancies and toning down the whole journal to a uniform style, clear, classic, and sober. In this respect he resembled the late King Otho of Greece, who paid much more attention to the grammar and punctuation of the memoirs addressed to him than to the substance of them. In 1787 the publisher, Pancoucke, who was striving to get a newspaper monopoly by buying up all the journals in Paris, offered to take the management of the *Gazette* and to pay 50,000 livres a year for the privilege, the Government, of course, retaining its supervision over the matter inserted. This was agreed to; M. Fontanello became editor, and the *Gazette de France* continued to appear under royal patronage until May 1st, 1792, when its official ties were snapped and it came out as a private and republican journal with the date "Fourth Year of Freedom." The *Gazette* has flourished with more or less brilliancy ever since, and has been for the last fifty years a legitimist organ, read chiefly in the provinces.

So Théophraste Renaudot founded a paper which has survived to this day; but he made no fortune out of it, nor out of his many other inventions for the public good. He died poor, and his last years were embittered by all sorts of troubles, professional and domestic. In the first place, his old enemy, Guy Patin, fell upon him as soon as Richelieu was gone, and in the second place he was ill-advised enough to take for his second wife, at the age of seventy-two, a pretty girl, who might have been his grand-child. Cardinal Mazarin shielded him to some extent from the persecutions of Patin, as Richelieu had done; but nothing short of a divorce could save him from his wife. He obtained the divorce after his flighty spouse had squandered the little substance he had amassed and dishonoured his grey hairs in more ways than one. But he never recovered from the blow, pined away, and died broken-hearted. Guy Patin unwillingly composed the finest of epitaphs for the man whom he had always traduced as a money-grasping charlatan, by writing (12th November, 1653), "Last month old Renaudot died here, poor as a painter."

IV.

For several years previous to Renaudot's death newspapers had begun to crop up to right and left without its being possible to check them. Louis XIII. and Richelieu both died in 1642, and the Re-

gency which followed being a weak thing, printers laughed at monopoly and brought out sheets, which led a hole and corner existence for a few weeks, were suppressed, reappeared again under new titles, and scattered false intelligence, slanders and scandals more and more disgusting, broadcast among the willing Parisians. Old Renaudot had exclaimed once, in warning foreign sovereigns of the uselessness of trying to prohibit the importation of his *Gazette* into their dominions: "Newspapers are a merchandise of which it is in vain to impede the trade. They are like torrents which swell by resistance." He now found this out on his own account. Nevertheless, the purity and high patronage of the *Gazette* kept it afloat; but in 1649, when the Fronde* broke out, the flood of periodicals and pamphlets was such that nothing but the extreme cleverness of Renaudot enabled him and his monopoly to weather the few stormy years that followed. The Fronde began by a tax question, in which the Parliament of Paris took the popular side against Mazarin, who was accused of seeking to grind down the French nation. The English Parliament had set the example of making war on its King, and the Parisian Parliament, which, be it remembered, was a judicial and not a political institution—waxed so very valiant that if there had been a man of brains among them capable of guiding a revolution, the French might have set up a constitutional government there and then. But the French have always been defter at making revolutions than at profiting by them, and nothing came of this prolonged riot but a few thousand broken heads and torrents of ink. The affair began by the expulsion of Mazarin with the Queen Regent from Paris, and the capital remained in possession of the Parliament and of that Right Reverend Cardinal de Retz, who chanted mass with the hilt of a dagger peeping out of his pocket. Mazarin went to St. Germain, but, wishing to fight his antagonists with their own weapons, that is, lampoons, he took with him a printing-press, and Renaudot along with his staff to work the same. Renaudot was pleased, for he foresaw the opportunity of making his peace with Anne of Austria, who had

never liked him; but he felt some concern as to what might become of his monopoly of the *Gazette* if the party in Paris prevailed; and so he ingeniously left his two sons behind him to found a paper of their own, which should be the official organ of the Fronde, whilst the *Gazette* established in the Orangerie of St. Germain remained the mouthpiece of the court party. This happy thought worked immensely well. Renaudot's sons started the *Courrier Français*, which had a furious sale, and was at once adopted by the Parliament. Mazarin rubbed his hands to think that the trusted organ of his enemies was conducted by men devoted to himself; and the Parliament felt equally convinced that the two sons of Renaudot would obtain for them through their father some useful notes as to court doings. A gentleman named St. Julien helped to popularize the *Courrier Français* by publishing a burlesque edition of it in verse as soon as it appeared. The *Courrier* came out on Fridays; the burlesque was on sale every Sunday morning.

The first year of the Fronde was marked chiefly by publications of a fantastic character—*Visions, Apparitions, Prognostications*. The writing was weak and wild. None of the writers knew what they wanted. Gazettes, pamphlets, rhyming squibs, were all levelled at Mazarin's personal peculiarities, his Italian pronunciation, his well-known relations towards the Queen, his greed and his supposed avarice. The counter lampoons edited by Mazarin's paid friends splashed the Cardinal de Retz with ridicule, overhauled the private lives of the Parliamentary big-wigs, related very queer, and let us hope improbable, stories about their wives; and saw "*Visions*" of gibbet trees with parliamentarians swinging therefrom when his Eminence should re-enter the city. Altogether it was a lively period to live in, and we cannot imagine a Parisian bourgeois of the year 1649 finding time hang dully on his hands. In the second year the writing was more ambitious: Political questions were tackled; Mazarin had returned to Paris for a short time, then vanished; so his foreign policy was reviewed, and whilst some bitterly upbraided the Treaty of Westphalia (which gave Alsace to France) as contrary to the interests of the Church, which was likely to suffer by the influx of Protestants, others violently taunted the man with having none of the diplomatic statesmanship of his glorious predecessor, Richelieu. The year 1651 was

* *Fronde* means sling; and this four-years' civil war derived its name from the slings with which the small boys of Paris used to break the windows of the court party at the outset of the proceedings. In the popular conversations of the day the war was dignified by another name, which Voltaire records in his *Siecle de Louis XIV.*, but which is too funny and French to be translated.

signalized by a union between all the rival subdivisions of the Fronde, the Retz, Beaufort, Parliament, and Condé factions; then by the rupture of these, and by a complete chaos in the way of opinions. The pamphlets and news-sheets redoubled in number and virulence. Mazarin had been mauled and mangled till there was nothing more to say of him; so the lampooners turned their shafts on the Queen Regent, and by-and-by on the institution of Royalty itself. Thomas Aniello (better known as Masaniello) had stirred up a rebellion at Naples, and the English had beheaded their King. What was the use of a Crown—why should not the people set up a Republic? Declamations about liberty, the rights of the poor, and the oppressions of the rich, began to find their way into print. Two publications, the *Franco-Gallia* and the *Junius Brutus*, preached levelling by fire and sword, and the cry was no longer, "Are you for this party or for that?" but, "Are you for the People and the People's Parliament?" This is the time when the writing ceased to be frivolous, and when authors of true merit plunged into the fray. Menage, Gondi, Joly, Sarrazin, Patru, Caumartin, Portail, and Dubosc-Montandré were all thinkers and polemicists of nerve, and if there had been a Rizzio or a Cromwell among this populace of caper-cutters, whose brains they ignited, it might have fared badly with that little kingling who blossomed out so grandly in the sequel as Louis XIV. But all was talk and froth, and by the year 1652 the people had got disheartened, and yearning for peace. They no longer believed in the Parliament, whose members had shown themselves pitifully timid and incapable; they had spent their rage against Mazarin; and in their feverish dejection they inclined towards the Prince of Condé, not because they liked that haughty patrician, but because they fancied the victor of Rocroy was the only man likely to restore quiet. The pamphleteer, Dubosc-Montandré, who was in the Prince's pay, battled in the front all through this year with essays which offer a curious medley of aristocratical and republican sentiments. The man had in him all the stuff of an agitator, and with another year or two's practice, and a more intelligent public to work on, might have proved as dangerous as Mirabeau. He advocated a union between the nobility and the people as against the Crown and the bourgeoisie. Richelieu, following in this the policy of Louis XI., had leaned wholly on

the middle classes in his struggle against the last strongholds of feudalism. The bourgeoisie had been suffered to rear their heads whilst the nobles had been forced to bend their necks to the yoke; and Dubosc-Montandré appealed to all the grievances cherished by working-men against those whom he called "their natural enemies, the bourgeois," to put an end to this state of things. As far as can be gathered from his rather confused schemes, Montandré would have had the country governed by a show king, a powerful senate of nobles, and a lower house of working-men. But the first half of this plan was evidently made to order; and at heart Montandré was a demagogue with little love of the nobility, for occasionally he forgets that he is salaried by a Condé, and breaks out into that stirring cry which was borrowed from him a hundred and fifty years later by Loustalot, and formed one of the war-shouts of the Revolution: "The great are only great because we carry them on our shoulders. Let us shake them off, and they will strew the ground."*

On the whole, the revolution, which might have effected so much, had fallen into hash. The Duke of Orleans, rousing himself at length, remonstrated with the Parliament at the insults which were being hawked about against the Queen; and the Parliament, relieved to be bullied again by somebody, seized hold of one Morlot, a sarcastic fellow and a journalist, and sentenced him to be hanged. But the printers of Paris, who had driven a brisk trade during the four years' turmoil, were loth to see their profits vanish, and so, as Morlot was being led to his doom along with a lesser journalist, who was to have a whipping at the cart's tail, an army of compositors charged to the rescue of the pair, beat back the archers, put the hangman and his aids to flight, and made a bonfire of the cart, gibbet, and other paraphernalia. However, this was the last gasp of the Fronde. Not long after, the much-hated Mazarin returned coolly to Paris, for the second time, and by way of finally crushing a pamphleteering and journalistic committee which had worked for a long while under Cardinal de Retz's orders, and was

* Loustalot put the thing in another way. He wrote: "Les grands ne nous paraissent grands que parce que nous sommes à genoux. . . . Levons-nous!" ("The great only seem so to us because we are on our knees. . . . Let us stand up!") And he printed this as a permanent motto at the head of his paper, "*Les Révolutions de Paris*."

now being managed by Retz's henchman Gondi, and by the satirical Menage, he caused a mighty volume of 700 quarto pages in his defence to be distributed about Paris, as we nowadays spread tracts. It had been written in 1649, by a certain Gabriel Naudé, and is now known as the *Mascurat*, though its real title was *Jugement de tout ce qui a été écrit contre le Cardinal Mazarin*, &c. In it a printer called Mascurat holds a dialogue with a vendor of *Mazarinades* (anti-Mazarin pamphlets), St. Ange, and the two pass in review every book published against the Cardinal, touching as they do on all the topics and people of the day. The whole thing is in the style of the famous *Satire Menippée*, which enlivened the wars of the League, and is uncommonly brilliant and clever. Indeed, the late novelist, Charles Nodier, had so high an opinion of the book, that he treated it as Lord Lytton did *Gil Blas*, and made a point of re-reading it once at least every year, alleging that no work gives a better insight into the manners, institutions, politics, and language of the times. The fact is, *Mascurat* is very exhaustive; it leaves no question untouched, and the anti-Mazarinists must well have found it a heavy shot to bear up against. In truth, however, they made no effort to bear up, but collapsed. The laugh was against them; the wily Italian had conquered by pen as well as by state craft, and the flood of ink and paper which had raged over Paris during nigh fifty months receded, as every flood must do which bursts through natural bounds. From the beginning of 1649 to the end of 1652, 4,000 polemical books, pamphlets, and newspapers had been published, and from such a mound of printing the liberty of the press ought surely to have risen strong and unassailable to all time. But the Parisians had little care for liberty, having been drugged to surfeiting with licence; they sickened at the mention of politics; they wanted to be amused, and they turned with a laugh of welcome towards the new star then dawning in journalism, *The Muse Historique*, or *Rhyming Gazette* of Jacques Loret.

v.

LORET was born of poor parents in the first years of the seventeenth century, and had no better education than that which the ragged-school of an obscure village could afford. He came to Paris when he was twenty, and being possessed

of no capital but his wits, turned newsman. He had all the qualities needful for success in that trade: a good pair of legs, indefatigable lungs, and imagination enough to invent alarming or mirthful occurrences when facts were at a discount. By-and-by he took to writing fugitive poems; but as the publishers' price for such productions was three livres the printed ream, he based his hopes of fortune rather on the dedications he inscribed at the head of his lyrics than on these works themselves. It was very soothing to a big personage of that time, duke, financier, or what not, to find a fellow of Loret's stamp waiting in his ante-rooms on reception days with a copy of verses neatly tuned in his honour. If the verses were really good, the big personage would smile and request the poet to read them aloud; a gratuity of a few livres naturally followed, and in course of months the poet was made free of the big personage's household, which means that he was entitled to come every day at noon and dine in the servants' hall, with the upper domestics. This was no mean privilege, and soon Loret secured himself a footing in half-a-dozen noble houses, so that supper as well as dinner might be available for the asking. A few grantees lodged their poets as well as fed them, and paid them a fixed salary, that they might write verses or news—for the two things still went pretty much together, as in the troubadour days—for no one else. But Loret was too free a lance to let himself be chained and kennelled. He had a lodging of his own, perched high in a garret of the Rue de la Huchette, and he loved to disport himself therein after his own fashion when his day's rhyming was over, and his patrons had supplied him with pocket-money. However, in his fortieth year, he was presented to the beautiful Mdle. de Longueville, afterwards Duchesse de Nemours, who forthwith took him under her protection with a pension of 250 livres a year, and a dinner once a week, not in the servant's hall, but at her own table; and from this date Loret was an enslaved man.

One need not be a down-at-heel Frenchman, with a romantic soul, to feel desperately enamoured of a lovely princess, who bestows praise, money, and good cheer with equal grace. Mdle. de Longueville was the loveliest woman of her day. The saturnine Duke of La Rochefoucauld, who had a flint-stone in lieu of heart, and who afterwards wrote the *Maxims*, had lost his head to her

completely, and was driven by her influence to side with the Condé party in the Fronde, to make war on his King, and at an early date to forfeit the temporary use of his eyesight in consequence of a gunshot wound. When his grace discovered that the siren had been only flirting to win his sword and his influence, but not his worship, he revenged himself by some epigrams, cold as steel, and professed to hold himself cheap for ever having loved a "Précieuse," that is a Blue-stocking. Mdlle. de Longueville was certainly "blue," but that may have been one of the reasons for the adoration she inspired in Loret as well as in the late philosopher, Victor Cousin, who sighed that he had not been born in the seventeenth century, for her sake. Certainly, it must have been delightful to hear this charming woman prattle gravely about things abstruse, and affect to speak only in well-rounded periods of faultless grammar. She was one of the early founderesses of those literary gatherings which attained such renown in the Hôtel de Rambouillet, and lavished her bounties freely among a crew of poetasters, whom she naively thought sublime. Poor Loret compared her to Venus and Minerva, and began to dream about her waking and sleeping. He never, of course, had the impudence to confess in plain words that he loved a princess of royal blood; but he shows it in his dithyrambic outbursts, and from the day when his goddess requested him to bring her every week a string of news in rhyme, he considered that his pen and his brains were at her exclusive service. Regularly every Saturday morning, for a space of fifteen years, through sunshine or rain, snow or bullet-hail, war or peace, Loret trudged through the streets to the Hôtel de Longueville with his rhyming gazette of 250 verses in his pocket. At first the gazette was manuscript; by-and-by twelve copies were printed for circulation among the princess's friends; but the success became so great, and the piracies so numerous, that Mdlle. de Longueville begged that Loret would publish his gazette for general sale. He did so, and cleared large profits. There never was a paper so much admired, so largely sought after, nor so uniformly good. Loret computed in 1663, in the thirteenth year of his enterprise, that he had written over 300,000 verses, and found more than 700 different exordiums. It is a fact that he never twice began his gazettes with the same *entrée en matière*. The paper was in epistolary form, inscribed

to the princess, and terminated with the date in rhyme, as:—

J'ai fait ces vers tout d'une haleine
Le jour d'après la Madeleine.

Fait, appuyé contre un lambris
Dies quindécim Octobris.

These dates were never alike; and, as though to flirt with difficulties, Loret coined a new epithet every week to qualify his letters, calling them, *Épître, sérieuse, gaie, folâtre* and so on; till in the end, having pumped the dictionary dry, as it were, he flourished such adjectives as *ambulateur, assaisonné* and *jubiliste*. Another point to be mentioned is, that Loret never had anybody to help him. He ran about for his own news, and, however hurried might be his composition, never once wrote a line that would not scan. His prolonged and always equal performance is something unique in the history of journalism. The fortnightly review of current politics which M. Eugène Forcade wrote for the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, killed him after driving him mad at the end of ten years. Henri Rochefort suppressed his *Lanterne* after two years from sheer exhaustion; and even the veteran Alphonse Karr has never been able to keep up his weekly *Guêpes* for five consecutive years. And yet the writings of Forcade, Rochefort, and Karr are in prose. These journalists never had to hunt for a line of their news; telegrams and newspapers brought them matter as much as they wanted, and they had no reason to torture their heads for rhymes and metre. It is true that Loret broke down, too, and gave up the ghost under his self-imposed task, but to have continued it during fifteen years, to have written up to the week that preceded his death, and to have left a name so unimpaired that many of the best writers of the time aspired to the honour of carrying on his work after him, is a feat that must command the admiration of those who have ever undertaken to make the public laugh regularly once a week, and who know the difficulties of the labour.

Previously to his introduction to Mdlle. de Longueville, Loret had been a poor devil, glad enough for a few crowns and a cut off menial joints; and he never at any time quite ceased to be a poor devil, for he was devoured by the passion for gambling, and was the unluckiest gamester in existence. But he had money enough, friends and flattery enough, became an honoured guest at great houses,

and took to dressing in black velvet and silk hose. Mdle. de Longueville looked after him in a half sisterly way, and chided him on the vanity of bowls and tennis, to which he was over addicted. But these lectures always ended by a recourse to the lady's purse, and Loret retired from the presence the richer by a rouleau of louis. Other powerful people gave him sops and pensions. Mazarin, whom Loret respected and defended, put him down for a pension of 200 crowns, and Fouquet, the prodigal Superintendent of Finances, did likewise. When Fouquet was thrown into prison, rather owing to the King's personal envy than because of his huge embezzlements of public monies, Loret was one of the few writers who had the courage to stand up for his fallen patron; and Fouquet, much affected by this generous constancy, the news of which was brought to him in his prison by Mdle. de Scudéry, charged that lady to give Loret 1,500 livres. The act was the more liberal as Fouquet had become almost destitute; and he had the delicacy to request that the gift might be made anonymously, so that Mdle. de Scudéry called on Loret, and deposited this sum on his mantel-shelf when his back was turned. Mazarin continued to pension Loret all his life, and bequeathed him 200 crowns a year in his will, to the poet's no little emotion; on the other hand, Louis XIV. bore him a grudge for his gratitude towards Fouquet, and Loret might have lived without any court recognition, had not Colbert smoothed matters by representing that this journalist was a loyal subject and a useful ally, though he might become a troublesome foe. Marie de Mancini, niece to Mazarin, and a woman of rare beauty, whom the King had worshipped in his boyhood, stood in some dread of Loret's satirical pen, and with her own fair hands stuffed his purse full of gold pieces, laughing to him the while to "open his mouth and shut his eyes," one evening after he had been bidden to sup with her. In addition to all this, Loret received considerable bounties from divers insignificant people, who wanted to be puffed in his columns. He did puff them, nor was it the least proof of his versatile genius that he should have wrought witty rhymes in praise of vulgar passions and wrinkled but immodest old women. In this respect of venality Loret was by no means such a pattern of incorruptible manhood as old Renaudot. The father of French journalism resolutely set his face against venal

puffing, and once threatened to publish the names of persons who came to him with bribes. Tallemant des Reaux says that Loret wrote for any one who paid him; and adds that all the ladies of the day were mad to get this brilliant chronicler to attend their feasts, in order that he might give public reports of them. But Tallemant goes rather too far. Loret only puffed unimportant people, whose praise or blame would be of no public consequence. He was independent, honest, and very fearless in his strictures on public characters, and nothing could have induced him to take a political line other than that which his conscience dictated for mere money's sake. This is one of the features that lend such a genial ring to his writings. During the Fronde (Loret began his manuscript gazettes in 1650), he took care to steer very adroitly between extremes, and pointed his irony at injustice or foolery wherever he detected it. He was never a servile party-man, though he worked for a princess who, according to the wont of her sex, threw into her politics a greater amount of combativeness than was always required. But, to do Mdle. de Longueville justice, she never tried to tamper with Loret's convictions. She was grateful for the pretty things he wrote every week about her, pleased when her views and his were similar, and on all occasions thanked him smilingly, like a kind-hearted and noble lady as she was.

It is a puzzle how Loret came to acquire such a command of language, and to write French so elegant and perfect in its orthography. When he arrived at Paris he must have been well-nigh illiterate, and the duties of a newsman were not calculated to leave him either time or opportunity for study. Possibly he picked up Latin by attending mass, for he was a regular church-goer; but he confesses to knowing nothing of the classics:—

Ma chambre encore qu'un peu basse,
Me tient lieu de Mont de Parnasse;
De l'eau fraîche plein un flacon
Est ma fontaine d'Hélicon;
Plusieurs voisines que je prise
Sont les Muses que je courtise;
Bref, le bon ange protecteur
Que m'a donné le Créateur
Est L'Apollon que je consulte.

This allusion to the "voisines" in the same breath with his guardian angel, Marie de Longueville, shows that Loret was not a Frenchman for nothing. He had

a merry face like a sarcastic weasel's, bright laughing eyes, and a sanguine temperament, that made him love wine, women, and all the other embellishments of life. He probably regarded his passion for Mdlle. de Longueville as something ethereal and supermundane, which could not be diminished or even desecrated by his affectionate relations with one or more affable "voisines;" and doubtless he had already drawn for his own behoof that subtle distinction which so many of his eloquent countrymen have since expounded to us, between spiritual and cardial affinities. For all this, Loret was a thorough gentleman, and never once in his gazettes forgot that he was writing to a lady. On a single occasion, only, in the course of fifteen years, does he venture on a Rabelaisian anecdote; but even this, which has a rather salt taste to us now, must have been deemed harmless enough two centuries ago. Loret's gazettes were generally made up of all the pleasantest talk of the day, collected from sources which show acquaintance with the best society. He leaves no matter of interest unnoticed. He chronicles the death of Marion de Lorme; the decrees and wranglings of the Parliament; the misadventure that befel M. Benserade, the poet, who had his pocket picked of a quire of sonnets, and the disgust of the thief, who returned the same to his lodgings with profuse marginal criticisms; the introduction of pewter into common use; the best books and sermons of the day; the changes in fashions; an attempt to inaugurate street letter-boxes,* after the pattern of our modern pillar-boxes, which we have been flattering ourselves was a novelty; the plays of Molière, who was only then budding into fame, and whom Loret was the first to praise and encourage; the arrivals of distinguished strangers; and the demise of all notable individuals, amongst whom Renaudot, of whom Loret writes feelingly:—

Maintenant il est en repos,
Car on peut pieusement croire
Qu'il fit ici son purgatoire.

Loret, as we have said, became a great favourite in society; but the crowning of his honours was when he received regular

invitations to attend the theatricals at court, and was served with refreshments between the acts, neither more nor less than if he were a nobleman of first degree. The poet exhibits a very pardonable pride at this favour, for to eat in the King's presence was a privilege only conferred on the highest in the land. Louis XIV., however, went further, for, stopping to accost the gazetteer one evening when the theatricals were over, he said, with that gracious affability which was the more prized for being so rarely lavished: "Monsieur Loret, your gazettes have afforded us great satisfaction, and we beg you will count us among your well-wishers." Loret strikes up a hymn of jubilation in his next impression; but he is too generous to take all the honour to himself, and ascribes the King's condescension to the fact that gazetteers "are no longer a despised body, but a corporation who have their status and dignity in the kingdom amongst all others who serve his Majesty by arts or arms." Thus, some hundred and seventy years before Mr. Canning was pleased to recognize the press as the fourth estate in the realm, that discovery had been made by the monarch who, of all others, was the greatest stickler for etiquette. It is true that this monarch, who never returned the salute of the proudest noble otherwise than by a slight bend of the head, waited by-and-by on Molière at table, in order to teach his courtiers how to respect genius.

Loret died in harness, poor and indebted, because of his miserable taste for gambling. In his last number (March 28th, 1665), he is confined to his room, and entreats rather piteously that those who owe him money shall bring it him to his lodgings, and not be angry with him for dunning them. Feeling his end approaching, he wrote to the Princess of Longueville, who had now become Duchess of Nemours, and in thanking her for what she had done for him, said he would continue his gazettes in heaven, in order that the angels might learn to know and love her as he did, and give her a fitting welcome when she came among them. This was probably the only letter which Loret ever wrote to his benefactress in prose; but such prose was worth poetry.

The death of Loret was mourned in Paris as a public calamity. The "dames de la Halle" (market-women) attended his funeral in a body; twelve noblemen acted as his pall-bearers; the Rue de la Huchette, where he had lived, was hung

* In 1653 letter-boxes were set up in all the streets of Paris, and letters were to be collected in them three times a day for distribution *within* the capital. The postage rate was to be 1-2d. payable by the receiver. The "wittiest people in the world" poked fun at this invention, and filled the boxes with oyster-shells and mice, so that the scheme had to be abandoned.

with black; and three hundred printers threw nosegays over his coffin as it was being lowered into its grave in the Cemetery of the Innocents. Great curiosity was expressed as to whether the *rhyming gazette* would be continued by anybody; and this question was solved the very next week by a poet called Charles Robinet, who began his *Lettres en Vers à Madame*, as if nothing had happened. However, other imitators sprang up at the same time. Whilst Loret lived, publishers had made repeated endeavours to start gazettes in rivalry to his, and among these was one written by no less a person than Scarron; but they had been distanced by simple force of talent. Besides this, Loret had ended by obtaining from the King a monopoly for his rhyming news, similar to that which the Renaudot family held for their prose gazette. But now that Loret was dead, competition seemed free; and, in addition to Robinet, there arose at least a score of rhymesters, the most famous of whom are Lagravète de Mayolas and Subligny. Robinet's *Lettres à Madame* were not addressed to the Duchess of Nemours, but to Madame Henriette, sister of Charles I. of England, and wife of Monsieur, the King's brother, the ill-fated and beautiful princess who died poisoned in 1670, and over whom Bossuet pronounced the noblest of his funeral orations. Lagravète de Mayolas followed exactly in Loret's footsteps, and made Mdme. de Nemours his divinity. His verses are good, though wanting in the variety and sparkle of Loret's; but Mayolas introduced a novelty in the shape of a serial novel, in letters published from week to week, and called "*Clinte et Celidie*." This is the first instance on record of serial fiction; and Mayolas has therefore a title to rank as the inventor of the *roman-feuilleton*. However, he was unequal to the continuous labour which had distinguished Loret. His letters appeared pretty regularly at first, then gaps of a month at a time occurred, and the letters ceased altogether after three years. As to Subligny, he was a clever barrister, who had already in Loret's time tried to launch a rhyming *Muse de la Cour*, in opposition to the *Muse Historique*, which was the collective title of Loret's *gazette*. At Loret's death, he tried again, being pushed thereto by the publisher Tesselin, the man who had hoped successfully to pit Scarron against Loret. Scarron was an excellent writer, and perhaps in satire more than Loret's match; but he was

useless to a publisher by reason of his unpunctuality. He wrote in 1665-6 fifteen comic epistles, since reprinted under the title of *Muse Heroï-Comique*, but he could not be prevailed upon to finish his copy in good time; besides which, he praised Loret, whom he had been set up to supplant, which was contrary to all traditions of literary competition, and put Tesselin in deep disgust. It does not seem that Tesselin made much by Subligny's verses, though he engaged this barrister after quarrelling with Scarron, and started him again after Loret's death. The fact is Loret's mantle had descended on no one. His style, his facility, his unparalleled industry were peculiar to himself, and were buried with him. Mayolas had opened the new groove into which journalism must run by his essays at fiction. The journalism of the future was to be based on romance as well as news, on literature in its artistic sense as well as fact; and so this led to the creation of the *Mercure Galant* and the *Journal des Savants*.

But here we close the first era in the History of the French Press. In 1665, Louis XIV. was beginning to feel his own power, and to make it felt by the world. He was no longer the boy who had bowed under the tutelage of Mazarin; he was the king who said, "L'Etat c'est moi;" and the "Grand Règne" was dawning! For the next century politics were to vanish before the will of absolute monarchy; and journalism was to act as the satellite gravitating with more or less brilliancy round the literary planets which shone out with unrivalled lustre during that period from 1670 to 1770 which is the Golden Age of French Literature.

From The Graphic.

INNOCENT:

A TALE OF MODERN LIFE.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT, AUTHOR OF "SALEM CHAPEL,"
"THE MINISTER'S WIFE," "SQUIRE ARDEN," ETC.

CHAPTER XXIV.

WHAT THE FAMILY THOUGHT.

AMANDA was not so eager as her lover. She held back. To do her justice, though she was glad of the prospect of marrying a gentleman, and doubly glad, for reasons of her own, to have an Eastwood at her feet, she was in no hurry to secure him; nor did she show any unbecoming exulta-

tion in her conquest. Her father did, who had set his heart on the match. But Amanda had too much confidence in her own charms and superiority to be unduly elated, or to give her consent without all the hesitation which she thought necessary to her dignity. I need not say that Frederick stayed till Monday—till the last practicable moment; that he loathed her father and everything surrounding him more and more deeply every hour; and that his devotion to herself increased in heat and strength, through all her coquettings, her doubtfulness as to whether she liked him or not, and incapacity for making up her mind.

"I have known you such a little while," she said.

"And I have known you such a little while," cried Frederick.

"But that is quite different," she said, demurely, casting down her eyes; "a woman's happiness depends on it so much more than a man's."

This was a pretty speech entirely in her rôle; but as coming from a woman who the other day had thrown an inkstand at somebody's head, the reader may perhaps be doubtful how far it is true. But it made Frederick more mad with passion than ever. The more she held back, the more eagerly he pressed and urged his suit. For this there were other reasons besides his love. He was a proud man, notwithstanding all the many voluntary humiliations to which he stooped, and Batty was insupportable to him. He despised and hated and loathed the man who knew his weakness, and had thrust himself into his confidence. He would have loathed any man who had done so; but every point in Batty's character exaggerated the intensity of his feeling. His warm cordiality, his friendliness, his satisfaction and good wishes, made Frederick recoil as from something poisonous and unclean. He could hardly restrain himself even while Amanda held his "fate" in her hands. Once the decision was made, he determined to lose no time—to press for an immediate marriage—to carry her away out of this man's reach—anywhere; he did not care where, to get rid of him at any cost. And with the usual folly of men under such circumstances, he actually believed that he should be able to do this; that he could impose his will upon Batty, and mould Amanda to his way of thinking; and that from the moment when he succeeded in marrying her, all would be right. He could crush all the bonds of

nature; he could subdue temper and disposition, and triumph over circumstances. All these Frederick was quite ready to tackle, and did not doubt his power to overcome. The first step was the only thing that depended upon another; but when Amanda had consented—when she was his—then everything would become easy and plain. In the meantime, however, he was received as lover on probation, and had to make a number of pilgrimages Saturday after Saturday before the decision was at last formally made in his favour. During this time his family were in the dark, knowing little about Frederick. I need not say that their curiosity and ingenuity were warmly roused to find out his secret. This anxiety took a more practical form in the mind of Dick and in that of Molyneux, to whom, of course, Nelly had communicated the family perplexity, than in those of the ladies themselves, who did not know how to find out anything except in the legitimate way. Molyneux, however, managed by accident to stumble against Frederick at the railway station, and thus discovered where he went; while Dick by means of one of his fellow victims, who was reading with him under the same "coach," procured a natural history of Sterborne of an exhaustive character. When the name of Batty was mentioned, Mrs. Eastwood and Nelly looked at each other, and the whole became clear to them. They had not forgotten the name which they had but once heard. A great beauty—the daughter of a country doctor. Now, indeed, everything became clear.

"I'll tell you what I'll do, Mamma," said Dick; "Trevor has often asked me to go home with him on a Saturday. I'll go—and I'll manage to see her, and bring you back the news."

There was an eager assent on all sides to this proposition; and the mind of the family was kept in much suspense until Dick's return. For as Mrs. Eastwood justly remarked, a country doctor might be anything; it might mean a gentleman, highly considered and well to do; or it might mean a bustling little country practitioner, with no position of any sort. Without further information it was quite impossible to divine which of these two were meant; and everything depended upon the clearing up of the question. As for Molyneux, he was disposed to take the very gloomiest view of the matter. He thought that Frederick should be "spoken to," and remonstrated with. The son of a Q. C., hoping shortly to be

the son of a judge, does not look forward with any pride or satisfaction to the thought of becoming connected with "a country doctor." Ernest argued that a man of high standing would never have been so described; a country doctor, he declared, could mean nothing but the most homely specimen of the profession—the workhouse doctor, the village apothecary. He was uneasy on the subject. He thought Mrs. Eastwood ought to be "very firm," and that Frederick for his own good, should have all the disadvantages of such a mesalliance pointed out to him.

"It is not only a man's own comfort that is destroyed, but that of all his connections," said Molyneux; "everybody belonging to him suffers," and he insisted once more very sharply on the duty of the mother to be "firm," so strongly, indeed, that Mrs. Eastwood took offence, though she did not say anything direct on the subject.

"Ernest seems to be afraid that his connection with us may do him harm in the world," she permitted herself once to say to Nelly.

"Oh, Mamma, why do you judge Ernest so harshly?" cried the poor girl. But Nelly, too, felt that if Frederick should marry the daughter of a country doctor, her own lover would be deeply annoyed; and she, too, was wounded and offended by this, though perhaps unreasonably. So many of the feelings which make our weal or woe are unreasonable, and not to be excused.

The household awaited Dick's return with much anxiety. He came up by a very early train, with a cold in his head, and misanthropical tendencies generally. And Dick's report was not such as made the family more happy.

"I met Frederick, yesterday," he said. "The fellow accused me of coming to spy upon him. I asked him how I was to know where he went to amuse himself in secret? I was at the Trevors, where I had often been asked. He blessed me, and that was all; he dared not say any more. But wasn't he in a rage! I did not feel very nice myself; for after all I was a kind of spy."

"Indeed, I never thought of it in that light," said his mother. "You went to find out something about Miss Batty—not to spy upon Frederick."

"Oh, Miss Batty! Miss Batty!" cried Dick; the recollection took away his power of speech. "She is a big, fat, fleshy sort of a creature, with red cheeks,

and fuzzy hair in her eyes," said Dick, "a fringe of it hanging over her forehead, as you see some queer people in the streets; said forehead about an inch high, dimples in her fat cheeks, and that sort of thing. A figure like a feather-bed, with something tied round the middle to make a waist. Beautiful! if that is what you call beauty!"

Dick's taste was towards the slim and slight. This was his way of representing all Juno- or Rubens-like beauty. Amanda's magnificent sweep of shoulder and limb, her splendid fulness, represented to him weight and fat, nothing more. I need not attempt to describe the cries of dismay with which his mother and sister received this description. Mrs. Eastwood gave a scream when he came to talk of Amanda's figure, and put her handkerchief to her eyes. As for Nelly, she took her brother by the shoulders and shook him, as much as it was in her power to do.

"You are not giving us a true account," she said. "Mamma, don't mind him; it is plain he likes tiny people best. Tell us the truth, you wicked boy, I am sure she is handsome; she must be handsome, even from what you say."

"As you like," said Dick, "it is all the same to me."

"She is like a lady at least?"

"Well, if you think that is like a lady. She must weigh twelve stone; not an ounce less."

"If that is all you have to say against her," said Mrs. Eastwood, who was herself a good weight; "but Dick, dear, don't talk any more nonsense. People have different ideas about beauty. And her father, the doctor? Is he a proper sort of person? Is he a gentleman? So much will depend upon that."

"Her father, the doctor!" said Dick, with increasing contempt. He made a pause before he said any more to increase the effect. "He is a vet, and a horse-dealer, and a man without a bit of character, the jest of the place."

Mrs. Eastwood gave a painful cry. Nelly echoed it feebly, standing in the middle of the room, with her face suddenly like ashes. Nelly's mind was not primarily concerned with Frederick. The idea which flashed through it was, must Ernest know this? must he be told? She felt the humiliation keenly, with a pang such as she had never known before. It would humiliate her before him. He would feel humiliated by his connection with her. For the moment it seemed to Nelly too bitter to be borne.

"Are you quite sure, Dick?" she said faltering. "Is there no mistake?"

"I will write to old Miss Eastwood," said the mother. It was something to be able to get up, to hurry to her desk, to feel that she could do something, could inquire, at least, and was not compelled to sit down idle after receiving such news.

"What good can old Miss Eastwood do?" said Dick, who felt the authenticity of his own report to be called in question; and, indeed, old Miss Eastwood could do no good; to write to her, to get further information, seemed a kind of ease to the excitement of the moment. Before the letter was finished Mr. Vane came in, to make an innocent call, and hearing where Dick had been, and how he had caught such a dreadful cold, proceeded to discourse upon Sterborne, lightly and easily, as strangers often do upon points of deadly interest to their hearers.

"I have been all over that country," he said. "I used to know the Eastwoods, your relations, very well; indeed, I have a little box of a place close to Sterborne, which my sister is rather fond of. The Minster is the great attraction. Out of St. Peter's at Rome, I don't know a service so high—and she goes in for that sort of thing."

"Do you know anybody called Batty?" cried Nelly, in her haste. She had come to have a great confidence in the man who looked at her so kindly, with eyes that had a certain regret in them—regret which flattered and consoled her somehow, she could not tell why.

"Ellinor!" cried Mrs. Eastwood in dismay; but it was too late.

"Batty, oh, yes, I know Batty. He is very well known to the ingenious youth of that part of England," said Mr. Vane, "though I admire and wonder to think you should ask for him. Stop a moment, however, I know; he has a beautiful daughter."

"Then she is beautiful!" cried Nelly.

"Red and white, flesh and blood—big Dutch doll of a thing," cried Dick, thrusting himself into the conversation, in eager self-defense, without thinking of the contradiction in his words.

"I suppose we are all flesh and blood," said Mr. Vane, "but I rather incline to Dick's view of the matter, on the whole. At the same time she is a beautiful creature. I don't believe she has any more soul than Mahomet would allow; but she is the perfection of flesh and blood. By the way she was once said to be engaged

to one of the Eastwoods, I forget which, not Sir Geoffrey, but one of his brothers. I don't know how it was broken off."

"I heard of that, too," said Dick, putting on an air of injured virtue; "you listen to all he says, but you don't put any faith in me."

"No, I can't tell you exactly how it was broken off," Mr. Vane went on, trying to recollect the details which might, he thought, interest in an easy way the relations of Charlie Eastwood. "But these stories are always disagreeable," he added, "there is sure to be something discreditable on one side or the other. It is a blessing, however, to know that he did get out of it, which was the chief thing to be desired."

In the dead pause that followed, in the look of despair which was exchanged between Mrs. Eastwood and Nelly, and the absence of all response to what he said, Vane, who was quick-witted, felt instinctively that something more was involved. He turned the conversation at once to other channels, and after a while Mrs. Eastwood withdrew with Dick, whose cold was becoming more and more demonstrative. When they had left the room there was another pause, which Mr. Vane made no haste to break, for if Nelly chose to be confidential with the man who was a "connection," as he thought she had once or twice shown an inclination to be, John Vane was very far from having any objection. On the contrary, he was disposed to cherish the inclination. He was "interested" in Nelly. He thought there was a dissatisfaction and confused want in her, which it was sad to see. He thought Ernest Molyneux not half worthy of such a girl, and wondered what she could see in him; and if he himself could be of any comfort or help to Nelly, why, what was the good of him but to be of use? He waited, leaving her to speak, to ask his advice, or confide in him, if she chose.

"About this Mr. Batty?" she said, hastily. "Oh, Mr. Vane, pardon me for troubling you. You say it was a blessing that Charlie Eastwood got out of his engagement. I hate that way of talking, as if a girl's happiness went for nothing. But I don't think you meant that; is this Mr. Batty such a man that to be connected with him would be a disgrace?"

"Disgrace is a strong word," said Vane. "I do not think I would use such a violent expression; but as a matter of feeling I would rather not be connected

with him; and pardon me if I say what perhaps may shock you—I would like still less to be connected with her.”

“The girl?”

“Yes, the girl. It sounds brutal, I know; but she is just the kind of girl whom one would tremble to have anything to do with. Beautiful, passionate, uneducated, undisciplined, taught to think of nothing but the gratification of the moment. I am afraid of such a creature. The Lorelei is a joke to her. When you got into the hands of the syrens you were doomed, and there was an end of you; but a woman like that with the command of a man’s life——”

“Oh, Mr. Vane!” cried Nelly, with her hands clasped, following every movement of his lips with her eyes, breathless in her interest; and then she burst suddenly into hot, momentary tears, and cried, “Poor Frederick! Poor Frederick!” wringing her hands.

Mr. Vane got up hurriedly from his chair. “Miss Eastwood, don’t think I heard you, or will ever recollect, or attempt to connect with what we have been saying”—he began. Then looking at Nelly, who was crying, the man’s heart melted within him. “If it will do you any good or give you any ease, tell me,” he said, going up to her, and standing behind her; “you may trust me never to say anything.”

“Oh, yes, I can trust you,” said Nelly; and then clasped her hands, and looked up at him. “You are a man; you are a connection; you are supposed to know better than we women do. Could *you* speak to him, Mr. Vane?”

He looked at her again, and shook his head. What could he say? “I am not a friend, and no one but a friend could interfere. Even a friend would not be listened to in such a case,” he said; and then he added, “If he loves her he may have an influence upon her; he may be able to make something better of her. And your influence and your mother’s——”

Poor Nelly shivered. “It is not entirely of Frederick I am thinking,” she said, with a low, suppressed moan; “I am selfish too.”

Mr. Vane seized his hat suddenly, and shook hands with her, and rushed away! Nelly could not imagine why. She thought he was unfeeling, and she was very, very vexed and angry with herself, for having confided in him. The last words had escaped her in spite of herself; but, then, he could attach no meaning to them, she was sure.

When Frederick came home that evening there was a grand *éclaircissement*, not of a perfectly peaceable nature. He accused his mother of having sent Dick as a spy after him to find out his movements, an accusation which had a certain truth in it. Dick fortunately was shut up in his room with his cold, so that no quarrel between the brothers was possible. When Frederick intimated that he was an accepted lover, and that his marriage was to take place in six weeks, his mother and sister made an appeal to him, into which I need not enter. After a little fine indignation and heroic defence of his Amanda, Frederick became *attendri*, and gave her up to them as a burnt offering, and presented himself in the aspect of a martyr of honour, as men are in the habit of doing; and they ended by taking his part, and weeping over him, and consoling him. They agreed to endeavour to “make the best of it,” to “stand by the poor boy.” Is there a family that has not had a similar task to perform?

There was but one other member of the house by whom the intelligence had yet to be received. Innocent heard it without any appearance of emotion. She had been wistfully curious about Frederick’s absence, and had wandered about the garden disconsolately in the evenings, baffling by her strange deadness and silence all the attempts which the others made to replace him. Jenny, who had by this time come home for the holidays, did more for her than any of the others. He announced in the family that he meant to experiment upon her; he took her out into the avenue, and declaimed Homer to her, to try what effect would be produced,—and he said she liked it; I am of opinion also that she did. She had begun to feel a certain solace in company so long as no response was demanded of her, and no attempt made to interest her and make her take part in feelings and opinions totally unknown. Jenny and his Greek were a consolation to her; she did not understand, therefore she would not be asked to feel, and he required no answer. She went through two or three days of this after Frederick’s marriage was announced, and I suppose in the silence her faltering thoughts took shape; for Jenny was nothing to her, nor Ellinor, nor their mother, no one but Frederick—and slowly she began to feel that this strange new event would separate her from him. It was from Dick that at last she asked help for the solution of her thoughts.

"Frederick is to be married," she said, addressing him one day when they happened to be alone. It was in the garden, which in summer was the home of the family, and the slow, lingering spring had changed into summer that year almost in a day.

Dick was almost as much surprised as if the lime tree under which he sat had suddenly disclosed a questioning Dryad. "Frederick? yes, he is going to be married, more fool he," cried Dick, shutting up, on the chance of conversation, the book which he did not love.

"What does it mean?" said Innocent, again. She had come to his side, and was standing by, questioning him with her great, steady eyes. The good young fellow thought to himself that she must be an absolute fool to ask such a question, and did not know what to reply.

"Mean?—" he said confused, casting about for words.

"Does it mean that he will go away from here," said Innocent. "I do not know English ways. Will he go away,—will he have her with him instead? Will he never come back, never to live, to be here always? That is what I want to know."

"Of course not," said Dick. "Why any child knows that when a man marries he goes away with his wife to a house of his own."

"Will Frederick have a house of his own?"

"Of course,—I suppose so,—if he can afford it," said Dick.

"And she will be with him always?" she asked in a musing tone.

Upon which Dick burst into a great laugh, which silenced Innocent; but she had not the least idea why he laughed. Her mind was too much intent upon one subject to mind anything else. Frederick had brought a photograph of his betrothed to exhibit to his mother, and Innocent was seen bending over it and examining it long and closely. Next morning it was found on the table torn to fragments. The house was disturbed by this, for Frederick gave his mother and sister credit for the destruction of the image of his love, and accused them of want of consideration for himself, and many another sin against his mightiness. Both the accused ladies, however, suspected how it was; Innocent had torn it up quickly and quietly after she had looked at it. She had done it with no vindictiveness, but with a quiet solemnity, like an administration of justice.

"Why did you tear it up?" Nelly said to her, a day or two later.

"Because I do not like her," said the girl steadily, not rejecting the blame.

"But, Innocent, though we may dislike people we cannot destroy them—nor even their portraits," said Nelly.

"No," said Innocent, "but it would be better if she could be destroyed," she added, speaking low.

"Hush,—hush,—why do you say so? She has not done anything wrong—"

Innocent made no immediate answer. Her face had changed from its wistful blank, to an almost haggard look of sadness and pain. She turned away from Nelly, who was half angry and half sympathetic. The strange thing which they could not understand was, that she had no apparent anger against Frederick, or painful feeling towards him. She was not angry. A sinking sense of loneliness came over her when she thought of his departure, but no offence against him.—She was as ready as ever to go to him in the garden, to walk with him, to cling to his arm.—Once, even, she ventured to do what no one else did,—she remonstrated. This was within a few days of his marriage, when all opposition was stopped, and nobody made any attempt to change the inevitable. They had been walking up and down together for some time, he saying nothing, she to all appearances passive as usual,—when, quite suddenly, without any warning, she spoke.

"Frederick! I wish you would not marry.—Why should you marry and go away? I do not like her face. If I had known that you would go away, I should have stayed in Pisa. Cannot you give it up?—I do not like you to marry. Oh, stay with us, stay!"

Frederick had stared at her when she began,—now he burst into fits of unconquerable laughter. There was something insulting in its tone which touched some chord in Innocent's nature. She went away from him without a word, and for days spoke to him no more.

CHAPTER XXV.

AFTER A YEAR.

It is impossible for any story, unless comprised within a very short space, to be written in full detail, and therefore I must beg the gentle reader to pardon me if I pass over a little more than a year, jumping over the marriage of Frederick Eastwood and all its attendant circumstances,

which, indeed, was not pleasant to dwell upon. To make this event possible Mrs. Eastwood had to sacrifice a portion of her income, which she did with a pained and miserable sense of unwillingness. It would be impossible for anything to have been more repulsive or disagreeable to her than the marriage itself, and yet she had to subtract largely from her own living to render it possible. I cannot rightly tell why she did not resist this claim. It was partly, I think, out of horror at herself for being reluctant to sacrifice anything or everything to secure "the happiness" of one of her children—a fictitious motive, but one which had great force with her. The consequence was that old Brownlow, who had seen all the children grow up, and to whose services and lectures they had been used all their lives, had to be "put down" like the carriage. Mrs. Eastwood could no longer afford a costly and solemn butler; she laughed tremulously at the idea that this was a grievance, and declared aloud that she had always preferred having maids to wait at table. But it was a grievance, for Brownlow was an old and faithful servant, upon whom Mrs. Eastwood had relied much, and he married the cook, also a most important functionary in the house, and disordered the establishment from top to bottom. Nobody but the Molyneuxs thought the less of Mrs. Eastwood because the door at the Elms was now opened by a nice-looking maid; but *they* did note her descent in the social scale, and this was very irksome to her. Brownlow became the greengrocer of the district, and was always at hand round the corner among the beetroots and cabbages, ready to respond to any call, and to wait at all the dinner parties; but still it was not the same thing as having a man in the house. No carriage and no butler! These things she had given up for Frederick, and what was she to give up for Nelly when the time came? The fact was, however, that Nelly would not allow the time to come. Things remained almost exactly in the same position as they had done at the beginning of this story, so far as Nelly was concerned. Ernest Molyneux still went and came, occasionally taking upon himself the aspect of son of the house, but quite as often making himself generally disagreeable, making speeches which were sharply sarcastic or ill-tempered, under the guise of civility, to Mrs. Eastwood, and torturing Nelly with heats and chills of feeling. He had taken no

step to make the marriage possible in his own person. He was as idle as ever, lounging about his clubs and the Elms, interfering with all their arrangements, a man with nothing to do. Now and then he wrote an article in the *Piccadilly* or in the *Daily Treasury*, and thus kept up the character of being a literary man, and making a great deal of money by his writing. But his profession was just as much and as little to him as on the day when he had told Mrs. Eastwood that he would not press for an immediate marriage. He did not press for it now. He felt with all the clear-sightedness of personal extravagance how many disadvantages there would be in having to set up an establishment of his own, and felt that the changes involved would bring more discomfort than additional happiness. A little more of Nelly would be purchased somewhat dearly by the change in position, in money to spend, and in responsibility of every kind; and at present he could have a very sufficient amount of Nelly's society without these attendant troubles. His father, for his part, held himself good-humouredly ready to "do as much as the other side," whenever, as he said, Ernest and his young lady made up their minds, but in the meantime regarded the whole matter with a certain cynical amusement, watching the process by which, as he thought, "the old mother" staved off the moment when, along with her daughter, she would have to part with some of her money. "Knows the value of money, that future mother-in-law of yours," he would say to Ernest, chuckling; "you don't get it out of her so easily as you do out of me." And this was Ernest's own opinion. To get as much as he could out of her was clearly the principle on which he must go if he married. She was "the other side."

This is, I suppose, a very common state of affairs, and one which is found existing everywhere; but it is difficult to describe the effect it produced in the house where a little while ago each believed himself and herself ready to give up anything or everything for the other, and in which there was but one heart and one aim. Mrs. Eastwood was driven from her old standing-ground altogether. She had no longer any faith in herself or her motives. She felt all the gentle security of well-doing, which had been in her life, to glide away from her. She was not willing, as she thought she had been, to denude herself for her children. Their desire to get as much as they could

out of her, revolted her mind and chilled her heart. Frederick had left her in no doubt that this was his sentiment. And Nelly? Could Nelly be of the same mind? Oh, no, not Nelly! but, at least, Ernest, who was to be Nelly's husband, who would take her from her mother, and no doubt persuade her to think with him—at least, when she was his wife. Mrs. Eastwood felt that the virtue upon which she had made her stand, the great principle of her life, no longer animated her, and she no longer believed in herself. She felt that her children were no longer wholly hers, but had become separate, and even antagonist powers thinking chiefly of themselves; and she ceased to believe in them. Thus her entire moral atmosphere was changed, the foundations of the very earth unsettled, the time put out of joint. She groped vainly for something to guide her out of the maze, and found nothing. Her comely face became full of anxious lines, and care crept over her like a cold shadow. This was how the changes, present and to come, in the family existence, affected its head.

Nelly was, if possible, still more painfully divorced from her old gentle ease and sprightly quiet. She had begun life for herself, and the beginning was, like all beginnings, a fight and struggle. The new required her to be faithless and disloyal to the old; the old could not conceal a certain grudge and painful antagonism to the new. She was placed between, feeling herself dragged on either side—dragged asunder, the peaceful unity of her existence turned into a perpetual struggle to please both parties, to serve two masters, to be loyal at once to her lover and to her mother. Nay, the struggle was still more complicated: for Nelly had not only to serve two masters, but to content and satisfy a third party, a new being altogether—herself—another Nelly, who had risen up and sat in judgment upon her. No inquisitor was ever so hard upon a poor girl as was this other self—this new, severe, enlightened Nelly who sat, as it were, at the very springs of her life, and watched them from their earliest outflow. Even when the poor Nelly in the flesh had made what seemed to her a very successful compromise, when she had done her very best, and had pleased both sides, and served both masters, the spiritual Nelly would come down upon her like a wolf on the fold—would convict her of falsehood, of paltering with what she knew to be

right, of mean expedients, and a base policy of time-serving. Poor child! it was true she had become a time-server. She said one thing to the one, another to the other. She tried in a hundred little stealthy ways to "bring them together," to resuscitate the ancient friendship between them. She told each of pretty speeches the other had made, and kept a dead silence as to the speeches, anything but pretty, which she had often enough to listen to. Not only was her heart torn asunder, but her mind was confused in its sense of right and wrong. Many things which seemed abstractly right had become impossible to her; and some that were wrong were so natural, so necessary! She was unhappy in her home, and, with cruel mortification, she perceived that the other home, to which she had naturally looked forward, was receding into the distance. It was to be purchased only by despoiling the present. A certain impatience, almost, by moments, ripening into disgust, sometimes moved her in respect to her betrothed. Her heart sickened sometimes at his suggestions—at the tone in which he spoke. He wanted all the rest of the world to bestir themselves on his behalf; but he himself had no idea of bestirring himself. He thought it natural that sacrifices of all sorts should be made to bring about his happiness—only not by him.

"But we are young," poor Nelly would say; "we can put up with anything. What does it matter?"

"It matters a great deal," Ernest would answer. "We are young; it is our time for enjoyment. They have had their day. You don't suppose our fathers and mothers feel half as keenly or enjoy half as much as we do? Then why shouldn't they give up, and let us have the means of enjoying? I don't understand that sort of dog-in-the-manger philosophy," said the young man, with a loftiness of moralizing which almost impressed Nelly, in spite of her higher perceptions.

She was seated in the low basket-work chair under the lime trees, looking up with puckers of care upon her pretty forehead which had no business there, at the self-absorbed countenance of her lover. He was cutting down the young lime-shoots which grew up in a miniature forest round the trees, with a little cane in his hand. It was autumn, and the leaves fell at every stroke. He had one hand in his pocket, careless, yet disappointed; laying down the law, and feeling himself above its action. Nelly

gazed at him with a mute inquiry—a close, anxious, silent investigation, which she could not herself have explained. Yes; she was interrogating Nature and circumstances, and the present and the future; puzzled between her own instincts, her own ancient certainties of belief, and the philosophy of him who ought to be more to her than all else on earth. He was cleverer than she was, better able to express himself: was he more right than she? Or was he wrong, all wrong—wrong in feeling, in principle, in all that makes a man? What a question that was for a girl to ask herself! And she did not ask it; but only looked up at him mutely, wondering, trying to penetrate the real meaning that was in him—a meaning which must, she felt, be better and higher than anything he said.

Through the same old garden in which these two were seated another figure was visible, passing and repassing under the distant trees. This was Innocent, who had changed too, and developed in her way, during the interval which had been of so much importance to her. Her face had scarcely altered, for her mind was waking up but slowly, and it still retained the half vacant, half dreamy look habitual to it. But a change had come over her aspect generally. She had been assimilated in appearance, as much as circumstances permitted, to other girls of her age. Her hair had been put up, much against her will, though she had strenuously resisted all the modern mysteries of hair-dressing. In this point Alice had been invaluable to her; for Alice was old-fashioned, and looked with grim contempt at the devices, which even Nelly was not strong-minded enough to reject, for increasing the volume of piled-up hair with which the young ladies of the day disguise the shape and exaggerate the dimensions of their pretty heads. Alice drew Innocent's hair into a knot behind, loosely coiled and of no great magnitude. Even thus it was seldom "tidy," I am sorry to say, being somewhat short for such treatment, and often fell loose in a wandering, half curled lock upon her shoulders. Her dress, too, was still simply made and free from furbelows; but it was kept within a respectful distance of the fashion—enough "not to be remarked," which was Mrs. Eastwood's horror. Mrs. Eastwood, indeed, felt that Innocent was scarcely safe from that misery of being remarked; but consoled herself that, though the girl was nearly eighteen, she was scarcely, properly speaking, "out:" and in such cases,

as everybody knows, plainness of dress is in the best taste and a mark of distinction. What was still more remarkable, however, was that Innocent held a book in her hand as she went up and down the Lady's Walk under the arching trees, which now and then sent down a leaf flickering through the softened daylight upon her, or upon the open page, an occurrence which sent her thoughts astray continually. The girl would look up with a vague soft smile on her face when this occurred, up and round as if half hoping to see some concealed playmate among the branches or behind the bole of a tree, and then would breathe a gentle little sigh and return to the book. Innocent was struggling with the difficulties of education at this moment. She was reading or trying to read, history, endeavouring now and then, by help of her own voice, by whispering it half aloud, and thus cheating herself into attention, to master something about Elizabeth and the Marys, her of Smithfield and her of Scotland. She had undertaken this study by her own desire, curiously enough, having come to feel herself deficient. When a girl of nearly eighteen feels herself deficient in education, what can the most well-meaning of friends advise her to do? I need not say that Mrs. Eastwood's sense of propriety had long ere now secured a music master for Innocent, and that by this time she could play a little on the piano, not cleverly, but yet with a certain dreamy faculty, amusing herself with long-drawn chords, and fragmentary combinations of her own. She could speak French and Italian, and even a little German, thanks to her foreign education, and she had no taste for drawing. What more than this could be done in the way of education for her? She had the same novels to read if she chose which came from Mudie's periodically for the rest of the family, and she was recommended to "take a book" by everybody who saw her seated, as she was seen so often, with her hands in her lap, doing nothing. But it was only within a very recent time that Innocent had begun to take this advice. She had been laughed at for her ignorance, and the laugh had touched her for the first time; and here she was accordingly, poor child, on this sunny, hazy, autumn afternoon, straying up and down, up and down the Lady's Walk, reading half aloud to herself, about the dead controversies, the national struggles of which she knew nothing. The Queen of Scots even was to her but a

printed name. She knew nothing of the story, nothing of the woman for whom partisans still fight, though she has been dead these two hundred years. She read over with her whispering lips the curt record of events which once made blood flow and hearts beat, insensible to them as though they had been mere revolutions of machinery. The leaf which dropped on her book was real, and so were the pebbles which caught her foot as she strayed on, not looking where she went; but the history was a dead thing so far as Innocent was concerned, and she herself was no more real than the history. What did she there, a stray half-awakened soul, among the facts of that ordinary everyday scene? She was an embodied dream, scarcely realizable even by herself, and her occupation was as unreal as she was, as she strayed like a vision, appearing and re-appearing between the openings of the trees.

"Is it really true," said Molyneux, suddenly departing from the graver subject, that old Longueville has fallen in love with that child, Innocent? It isn't forbidden, I believe, to marry your grandfather, but only your grandmother, eh Nelly? Are you jealous? First of all he wanted you —"

"He never wanted me."

"Oh, it is very well to say so now; but it was that, you know, that brought me to the point."

"If you did not want to be brought to the point, it is a pity that it should have happened through a mistake," said Nelly, driven into momentary crossness by the complication and confusion of her feelings. But Molyneux did not want to quarrel. He only laughed lightly.

"Perhaps I am the best judge whether it was a mistake," he said, "but in the meantime he is going in for Innocent? Is it true?"

"He has said something to Mamma; but not enough to build any story upon, or to be talked about —"

"By George!" cried Molyneux, "it is about to come to a crisis before our eyes. There is your mother calling for Innocent, and I know Longueville's there —. Now this is what I call exciting. Innocent! Innocent! don't you hear your aunt calling you? She's got a new doll for you," he said, laughing, as the girl came slowly past them. "A good strong india-rubber affair, warranted not to break, that can walk and talk, and say —. She doesn't take any notice," he added with some disappointment. "What is

she always dreaming about? She has got over all that nonsense about Frederick —"

"Please don't talk so lightly," said Nelly, still cross in spite of herself. "There never was any nonsense about Frederick. She liked him best, for she knew him first. She has never taken to us very much. I don't know whether it is ~~our~~ fault or her fault; but there was nothing like what you say."

Molyneux laughed again. "It does not matter," he said, "though you are very contradictory, Nelly. Of course you *are* jealous, that's what it is. Lady Longueville, with a handsome house in town, and half-a-dozen in the country, with diamonds and an opera-box, and everything that's heavenly. Confess now you do feel it. All this going to your little cousin!"

Nelly's eyes flashed. Few people see the joke of which they are themselves the subject, and Nelly was not superior to the rest of the world; but she had learned the wisdom of restraining her first outburst of feeling. She rose from her seat under the tree, and going a little apart from him, watched Innocent making her way slowly through the gleams of sunshine and bars of shadow to the drawing-room windows, which were open. When the girl went slowly in through the open window, Nelly breathed forth a little sigh. "Poor child!" she said. She was thinking more of her own strange position than of anything that could come to her cousin. How little she had foreseen the perplexities, the chill doubts, the weakening of faith, the diminution of feeling, the irritation and weariness which often filled her now! Innocent could have no such experience; she was not capable of it; but the one girl threw herself into the position of the other, with a liveliness of feeling which the circumstances scarcely called for. She forgot that Sir Alexis was as unlikely to inspire love as Innocent was to feel it. "I wonder what she will say?" Nelly murmured, with her eyes fixed on the window by which Innocent had disappeared.

"Say? nothing! there is one advantage of taciturnity. She will let it all be settled for her. A lucky girl, indeed; your mother must have played her cards very well," said Molyneux, with real approbation, "after you and I foiled her, Nelly, by our precipitation, to catch the great prize for her niece. You look angry? I think it was extremely clever of her, for my part."

"Ernest," said Nelly, quickly, "I wish

you would go. If you don't I feel sure we shall quarrel, and I would rather not quarrel," cried the girl with tears in her eyes. "Please go away."

"Why, Nelly? you are out of temper—"

"I am out of everything," she cried, "out of heart, out of hope, out of—"

"Not out of love?" he said, drawing her hand through his arm. He, at least, was not out of love. And Nelly cried, but let him soothe her. Was not she his, bound to him for ever and ever? Was it not hers to forgive, to tolerate, to endure all things? If he seemed to think amiss would not that mend? All this went through Nelly's heart as her brief hot passion of tears relieved the irritation in her soul; but still the irritation was there.

CHAPTER XXVI.

A PROPOSAL.

INNOCENT walked in unsuspectingly through the great open window in the drawing-room, which looked dusky and dim after the sunshine. The flowers peeped through the glass doors of the conservatory, and her own image in the great glass over the mantelpiece seemed to confront her as she came in. Mrs. Eastwood rose from the sofa, close to the window, where she had been sitting beside Sir Alexis. She took Innocent's hand. The other hand still embraced the history book, which she was holding close to her breast. Mrs. Eastwood looked into the girl's face tenderly, with an anxious gaze, to which Innocent gave no response. "I wonder if she will understand?" she said, turning to Longueville, who had risen from the sofa. "I think I can make her understand," he said. And then Mrs. Eastwood put her arm round the girl and kissed her. Innocent had ceased to be surprised and impatient of the kindness by which she was surrounded. Though she still took little part in the life of the family, it began to seem natural to her that people should feel, and that they should talk, and laugh, and cry, and conduct themselves as it once seemed so strange for them to do. She was not surprised now at any "fuss" that was made. She accepted it quietly, taking little part in it. But for the moment this scene did indeed appear like a dream; the unexpected kiss, the words to which she attached no definite meaning, the something evidently connected with herself, which they settled before her eyes; even the air of the room seemed full of a certain

whispering curiosity, interest, and suspense. Innocent felt that something was about to happen, without knowing how. Was she to be sent away? Had something occurred that involved her fate? She looked, no longer quite passive, with a little tremulous wonder and doubt from one to the other. Then Mrs. Eastwood, who had been holding her hand, kissed her again, and there were tears in her eyes.

"Sir Alexis has something to say to you, Innocent. Give him your attention," said Mrs. Eastwood, "and when you want me, you will find me in the dining-room. My poor dear child—God bless you!" cried the kind woman, and hurried away as if afraid to commit herself. Then it was the turn of Sir Alexis to advance, which he did, looking, as Innocent thought, strangely at her, as if he had something terrible to communicate. He, too, took her hand, and led her to the sofa, to the place from which Mrs. Eastwood had risen. "Innocent," he said, softly.

She looked at him with scared and anxious eyes. She was not as she had been. Had she been asked whether she loved her relations, she would probably have stared at the questioner, and made no reply; but the thought of leaving them—of going out into the strange world—struck her with a sharp pang. "Am I to be sent away?" she cried; "is that what you have to tell me?" and a dull dread, which she could not struggle against, took possession of Innocent's soul.

"To be sent away! No, that is the last thing I could have to tell you," he said, looking at her with something in his eyes which surprised her, which confused her; which, in her simplicity, she could not understand, yet felt moved by strangely. Her foolish terror died away. The faint vague smile, with which she had looked round at the falling leaves, came upon her face again. This smile was quite peculiar to Innocent. It moved some people almost to tears; and it frightened others. It was like the look of some one smiling in a dream. The smile altogether overpowered the old veteran and man of the world beside her. There was something in it half-imbecile, half-divine; and, indeed, Innocent stood at the very climax of these two extremes—almost a fool, almost the purest visionary development of womankind. In her present stage of being it seemed impossible to predict on which side the balance would drop.

"Innocent," he said very softly, and then made a pause; "I am as old as your father," he added after a moment, in which he seemed to take breath.

"Yes."

"As old as your father; and you are but a child—not a grown woman. Young in years, younger in mind—"

"You say that because I am not clever," said Innocent, with a look of pain.

"No, indeed. I do not want you to be clever—not anything but what you are—"

The girl looked up at him again with that soft vague smile. She made a movement as if to place her hand in his—then checked herself, having learned that such ways of testifying her pleasure were not generally approved of. Sir Alexis had been very kind to her. He had petted her as a man of mature age is permitted to pet a child, bringing her flowers and fruit and pretty things, and asking no comprehension, no reply, except the smile. She felt at her ease with him. It did not even occur to her to inquire what he could want now. And it is impossible to describe the bewildering effect which this had upon the mind of the man who wanted to present himself to Innocent as her lover. He was struck numb. He looked at her with a wondering gaze—baffled, silenced, in all his superior sense and knowledge. But he had brought her here for the purpose of making this disclosure of his wishes; he had been left with her under this special understanding, and he felt that only ridicule could be his fate if his courage failed him. To be daunted by Innocent! The thought was too absurd. And yet when he looked at her he felt daunted still.

"Innocent," he said, "I have a great deal to say to you; but you are so young, that it is difficult to say it. You were afraid just now of being sent away. Did it ever occur to you that you might some time go away of your own will?"

"I go away? Where should I go?" said Innocent. "I should have liked to have stayed at Pisa; but now I know better—I have nothing, no money, no home. I could not go away. And besides, I do not wish it. It hink it is best here."

"You are fond of them, then, now?"

Innocent made a little pause, looking at him as if to fathom his meaning before she said simply, "Yes;" and Sir Alexis, with all his experience, grew red under the girl's look; but in reality she had no thought of fathoming what he meant.

She never asked herself whether he meant anything; she paused only to collect her wandering intelligence. Was she fond of them? She had scarcely asked herself the question—her feelings towards them had been passive more than active—"Yes,"—no more than that; no girlish enthusiasm or effusiveness was possible to her.

"And Ellnor is fond of her mother—fonder than you can be; but yet some day soon she will go away—"

"Nelly?—ah, that will be when she is married," said Innocent, with a livelier tone.

"And you, too, will be married some time."

"Shall I?" she said with a smile. "No, I do not think so—why? Some people are never married; and some—" here she stopped short, and a sombre look came over her face. Sir Alexis, following her eyes, imagined that they rested on a portrait of Frederick, and the thought gave him a pang.

"Some would have been better if they had not married," he said. "Innocent, what should you think of marrying me—?"

"You!" She looked somewhat amused, undisturbed, at him, making him feel more disconcerted, more baffled than ever.

"I am serious," he said, almost with impatience, taking her hand and pressing it somewhat tightly to keep her attention alive—"I want you to think of what I say. You are dependent here, dependent upon your aunt, who some time or other may feel you a burden; and I could make you rich and put everything at your feet. You, who are a poor girl, would become a great lady if you married me, Innocent. You would find it pleasant in many ways. You should do what you like, and have what you like, without asking any one's leave. Yes, and go anywhere—to Pisa if you pleased. I would do whatever you wished, and spend my life in trying to please you—for I am very fond of you, Innocent," said the man of the world, in a tone of appeal which was almost a whimper.

What a curious scene it was: she so passive, so unexcited, not understanding nor caring to understand; and he, the wise man, agitated, perplexed, anxious. He had meant that this should be a very different scene. He had meant to put forth his hand and take her to himself, as he might have taken a flower; but this no longer seemed so easy as he looked

upon the blankness of her beautiful, wistful, unresponsive face.

"Have you no answer to give me?" he said, almost humbly, holding between his her slender hand.

"I don't think I understand," said Innocent, slowly. "I am — stupid, as the servants say. Nelly would go, perhaps, if you were to ask her."

"But it is you I want — you, Innocent! Try to understand — I want you to marry me — to be my wife."

"Like Frederick and — his wife?" asked Innocent, with a shudder.

"Pshaw — like any man and his wife," he said. "Innocent, you are not so foolish as you try to make people think. You must be able to understand this. Do you like me? Tell me that first."

"Yes," she said, calmly looking at him, grave, and curious, and unabashed.

"Then will you marry me? Tell me yes or no."

"Please, no!" said Innocent, with a troubled look. "Please, no —"

Sir Alexis dropped the hand he had been holding, and got up, and walked about the room. To tell the truth, he was impatient, half-angry, annoyed, rather than wounded, as men generally are who are refused. Even in the midst of his annoyance he was half inclined to laugh. He had made up his mind to marry her, whether she chose or not; but to be refused point-blank by this child was a thing which had scarcely appeared to him possible. It irritated, and vexed, and half-amused him, without in the least altering his purpose and determination. A comical half-wish to have her whipped mingled in his mind with vexation at having made so little impression upon her. After a few moments, during which he calmed himself down by his promenade, he came back and took his seat again, and her hand, which she gave to him smiling. She was glad he was not angry, it was a relief to her mind to find that he did not "scold" her, as many people felt themselves at liberty to do.

"Innocent, my dear," he said, "I want you to think over this carefully. Should not you like to go into the world with me, to see everything that is to be seen; to go everywhere, and buy what you liked, and live where you pleased? I would do anything to please you. I would go with you everywhere to take care of you. Before you say no, think what it is you are refusing; and speak to your aunt, and let her advise you. She knows better than you do. I know better than you

do," he said, with a smile, which indeed was a smile at himself, so odd and strange was his position. "I advise you to accept me, Innocent. Longueville is a beautiful place, much finer than anything you have seen in England; and we could go to Pisa if you liked."

"Ah, I should have liked it once — a year ago," said Innocent; "but now it is best here. I don't want to go away —"

"Not to make me happy? Suppose you take that into consideration? to make a man who is fond of you happy."

She gazed at him with wondering eyes. She did not understand the language even which he was speaking. Had it been warm youthful love, probably Innocent would have known what he meant. But this middle-aged fondness for the beautiful strange young creature, so strangely young, so unusual in her type of beauty, conveyed no idea to the mind which was but half-alive. I don't think she believed this last speech; it seemed to her, though she had a very limited perception of humour, that it must be a joke.

"Innocent," he cried, growing excited, and raising his voice, as if she had been deaf; "is it possible you do not understand me? I love you — is not that plain? I want to have you always with me, to have you for my wife. I want you to marry me. All girls marry; it is natural — it is necessary; and you say you like me. Shall I call your aunt, and tell her you have consented, and will be my wife?"

"Oh, please no! please no!" cried Innocent, putting her hand on his arm in sudden fright. "If she said so I would have to do it. Do not make me go away. I am not — clever. Don't be angry or scold me. I am beginning to know a little better." She put her hands together instinctively like a child. "It would be as dark again as when I came here; do not make me go away!"

"Nobody will make you do anything; but I love you, Innocent. Come with me of your own will. Nobody will make you go away."

"Ah, thanks!" she cried, with a long drawn sigh of relief. She did not seem to notice his other words — only the last, which relieved her. She put her clasped hands to her side, and looked at him with her dreamy smile. "I was frightened for a moment," she said, "but I knew you were too kind. Feel how it made my heart beat. You are not angry? It was wrong not to care when I came

here ; but it cannot be wrong to wish to stay now ? I could not bear to go away."

"You will think differently after a while," he said, "and then —" The man was piqued by her perfect insensibility to the honour he had done her. But before he uttered the threat which came to his lips, better feelings came over him. "Yes, Innocent," he said, "I made a mistake ; I have been premature. But now listen to me. If ever you change your mind — if ever you wish to go away — if the time should come when you may be glad to think you have another home ready for you, and some one who loves you — then will you think of me ? I will not be angry if you will promise this."

"Oh, yes," she cried, gladly. "Yes, I will promise. I will think of you ; I will run to you. It is not likely," she added, half to herself, "that they will send me away, or that I shall wish to go ; but if —"

"In that case you will come to me ?"

"Yes, directly. I will remember. I promise — faithfully, faithfully !" The vague look brightened up into warmer intelligence as she held out her hand to him. I am not sure that the intelligence suited the face so well as its usual passive visionariness. This gleam of light made her more like a child than she had had ever been before. Sir Alexis rose gravely, and, stooping over her, kissed her forehead. She shrank a hair's-breadth ; but yet received the salute gravely too, without a blush, looking at him with a wondering endeavour to investigate his countenance. He could not be angry since he gave her this sign of amity. As for the discomfited lover himself he took his hat, and went away very gravely, disappointed it is true, but touched and rendered serious, he could not quite tell how. He did not feel like a man who had been refused, but rather like one who had rashly thrust the vulgar questions of life into some mysterious intermediate region between earth and heaven. He had spoken earthly language to a creature, half idiot, half angel, whose spotless mind had no thoughts or impulses in it which could make it possible for her to understand him. He was half ashamed of himself, half solemnized as by a vision. As this impression wore off, however, which it did in time, Sir Alexis was not discouraged. He could not have her now ; but one day he would have her, and his love was not of the hotly passionate kind which cannot wait.

Perhaps, indeed, he wanted Innocent only as he would have wanted a lovely picture, a rare flower. He had never seen any one the least like her, and he did not require a helpmate or a companion ; it was a supreme luxury, the rarest he could think of, that he wanted. And with such sentiments a man, especially when he is fifty, may be content to wait.

When Mrs. Eastwood heard the door close she came back anxiously to the drawing-room. Things had gone badly for Sir Alexis she felt sure, from the mere fact that he had gone away. Innocent was about to step out again through the open window when her aunt came up to her. She laid her hand upon the girl's shoulder, detaining her. Innocent had still her history-book clasped in one hand against her breast.

"Where is Sir Alexis ?" said Mrs. Eastwood. "Have you sent him away ?"

"Oh, no," said Innocent, the gleam of intelligence which I have already described still brightening about her face, and changing for the moment into a kind of clever imbecility the usual pensive dreaminess of its expression. "He went away himself quite of his own will. And he was not angry. We are friends as much as ever."

"Then you refused him, Innocent ?"

"I don't know what you mean by refused. I asked him not to ask you to make me go away. I don't want to go away. Did you wish me to go ?" the girl asked, with the old wistful look coming back into her face. It was the first time this thought had struck her, and a chill stole into her heart.

"No," said Mrs. Eastwood, drawing her close. "I am glad you are not going, Innocent. Only it might have been better for you, my poor child. He is rich, and he is fond of you. He would have been very kind ; he would have given you every advantage, more than I can give you. And if anything was to happen to me — But you don't understand such calculations. It would have been a comfort to have you settled," said Mrs. Eastwood, with a sigh.

"Is Nelly settled ?" asked Innocent.

"God knows !" cried Mrs. Eastwood, in sudden trouble ; and then she turned to the girl whom she had adopted with an instinctive appeal for sympathy. "If I was to die, who would think of you, who would care for you — Nelly and you ? There would be no one but Frederick — and Frederick's wife."

Innocent did not make any reply — a

faint colour flickered over her cheek. She turned away from her aunt, twisting her fingers together with a helpless gesture. Then she said, very low, "Frederick — would always take care — of me."

"Oh, my dear," cried Mrs. Eastwood, "you must not think of Frederick. I am afraid when he is kind to you he is thinking more of himself than you. That is one reason why I should have been glad, very glad. Frederick belongs to his wife."

"May I go now, and read my history?" said Innocent, after a pause. She went back to the path overshadowed with trees, and opened her book; and whispered to herself again, half aloud, how Mary plotted and wove her spells, how Elizabeth lay in wait for her like a spider. She resumed at the same sentence as if nothing had happened. How much of it went into her mind? How much of the other had gone into her mind? Sir Alexis, Frederick, all the surrounding figures, were they ghostly and dim to her as Mary of Scotland and the great Elizabeth? But no one could answer this question. Amid the strange light-gleams and weird darkness of her own little world she dwelt alone.

From the *Athenæum*.

THE DEPOSITION OF PETER THE THIRD.

A PUBLICATION, interesting to English readers, is shortly to appear under the auspices of the Historical Society of St. Petersburg, a society whose patron is our expected visitor, the Cæsarevitch. For two years competent persons have been employed, by permission of our Government, in copying the diplomatic correspondence of English ministers in Russia and at home, for the whole of the reign of Catherine the Second, from 1762 to 1796. The only portion excluded from the new publication is that which has already appeared in Lord Malmesbury's *Diaries and Correspondence*. The rest will be new to all of our readers, except those who have examined Raumer's "Frederick the Second and his Times," where extracts from some of the despatches are given. The period covered by the correspondence is a deeply interesting portion of our annals. It was the time of the two Pitts, of Fox, Sheridan, Burke, and Francis, men who took part in debates connected with Russia, and to whom allusion is not unfrequently made in these letters. We cannot but hope that an English publisher will produce an edition of the work for English readers.

London Library.

SOME of the first sheets of the work you announced having come into my hands, I venture to offer you a specimen of their contents. The work is well printed, in large octavo size, the upper half of the page containing the English text, and the lower half a Russian translation. When completed the work will form six volumes, and it is only to be regretted that illustrative and explanatory notes are not given. In the letter sent herewith — the first but one in the volume — names of Russians occur who were actors in a very important scene, yet of whom English readers know very little. The same may be said of the names of many Englishmen who figure in the correspondence, of whom the Russian readers can know little or nothing. Sir Robert Keith's graphic account of the momentous revolution of 1762 opens the book with an almost dramatic effect. All honour to the Historical Society of St. Petersburg for their public spirit in obtaining copies of these authentic materials for modern history, and for publishing them.

ROBT. HARRISON.

Robert Keith to Mr. Grenville.

St. Petersburg, July 1 (12), 1762.

LAST Friday morning, about nine o'clock (as I was preparing to go to Peterhoff to meet the Emperor), one of my servants came running into my room with a frightened countenance, and told me that there was a great uproar at the other end of the town, that the guards, having mutinied, were assembled, and talked of nothing less than dethroning the Emperor; he could tell me no circumstances, and could give me no answer to the only question I asked, namely, if the Empress was in town; but about a quarter of an hour afterwards, one of the gentlemen of our Factory came in and informed me that the Empress was in town, that she had been by the guards and the other troops of the garrison declared their Empress and Sovereign, and that she was then actually at the Casanzsky Church to hear the "Te Deum" sung upon the occasion; he added the circumstance of Prince George of Holstein-Gottorps being made prisoner as he was endeavouring to make his escape out of the town. This account was confirmed from all quarters, and we understood that the several supreme colleges of the Empire and all the great people were then taking the oaths of fidelity to the new Empress, as the guards and other regiments had

already done. This surprising revolution was brought about and completed in little more than two hours, without one drop of blood being spilt, or any act of violence committed, and all the quarters of this city, at any distance from the palace, especially the street where I and most part of his Majesty's subjects reside, were as quiet as if nothing had happened; the only novelty to be seen, were some picquets placed at the bridges, and some of the Horse Guards patrolling through the streets, in order to preserve the public tranquillity. As soon as the Guards assembled in the morning, several detachments were sent to the Peterhoff road, to hinder any intelligence from being sent to the Emperor; and this piece of duty was performed with so much diligence and exactness, that no person got through except the Master of the Horse, Mr. Nariskin. About ten o'clock in the evening the Empress marched out of town, on horseback, at the head of twelve or fourteen thousand men, and a great train of artillery, and took the road towards Peterhoff, in order to attack the Emperor at that place or Oranienbaum, or wherever they should meet him; and next day, in the afternoon, we received the account of his Imperial Majesty having surrendered his person, and resigned his crown without one stroke being struck. The few circumstances of this great event that I have been able to pick up, and which appear to be authentic, though I will not warrant them all, are as follows, viz:—That this affair had been long contriving, but was hastened in the execution by one of the conspirators having been arrested two days before, upon some rash words that had fallen from him; upon which the others concerned, for fear of the whole being discovered, had come to the resolution of going immediately to work, and in consequence had sent Mr. Orloff, one of their brother officers in the Guards, to apprise the Empress of this circumstance, and to represent the necessity of her returning to town without loss of time; that this gentleman had got to Peterhoff between three and four in the morning, and, having got admittance into Her Majesty's bed-chamber, had informed her of her danger, upon which she had, as soon as she was dressed, slipped out of the palace by a back door, and, under the conduct of Mr. Orloff, without one servant of either sex, had, after some accidents, such as their horses tired and knocked up, got to town about six o'clock, and went directly to the

casernes of the Ismaelowsky Guards, which she found under arms, ready to receive her, with their colonel, the Hetman Razoumowsky, at their head; that Her Majesty from thence proceeded to the Simonowsky Regiment, and then to that of Preobrasinsky, and was by the whole conducted to the palace, where everything passed in the manner above mentioned. I must observe that the regiment of Horse Guards of which Prince George was colonel was amongst the first that appeared in the revolt, and showed the greatest animosity against their colonel and the late Government, and that all the troops took the oaths without hesitation, except some officers of the Emperor's own regiment of Cuirassiers, who refused it at first, and some of them, I believe, are still in arrest for persisting in their refusal. As for the Emperor, he had not the smallest information nor the least suspicion of this affair till between eleven and twelve o'clock, when, being on the way from Oranienbaum to Peterhoff, he was met by a servant sent by the Master of the Horse, Nariskin, who informed him how matters stood in town. His Imperial Majesty proceeded to Peterhoff, and there learnt the circumstances of the Empress leaving that place, which had been concealed, till then, from the ladies and other courtiers, by her bed-chamber-woman's pretending that the Empress was indisposed and a-bed. From that moment the unhappy Emperor seems to have lost himself, and there was nothing but despair and confusion amongst the small number of his attendants; and no resolution was taken till very late in the evening that His Imperial Majesty, with all his train, gentlemen and ladies, went on board a galley that rode before Peterhoff, and rowed over to Cronstadt, in the hope of being received there; but the Commissioners of the Admiralty, sent down from Petersburg, had got the start of them, and when the Emperor approached the haven, he was not only refused admittance, though he declared who he was, but was threatened to be fired upon. This augmented the confusion and despair; and the galley, with the other boats, returned to Peterhoff, and others to Oranienbaum: amongst the last was the Emperor, with a few attendants; and on the morning of Saturday he sent Prince Galitzin, the Vice Chancellor, and Major-General Ismaeloff, to the Empress, with some proposals. After some time, Ismaeloff returned, with the deed of resignation of the Crown, which the Emperor

signed immediately; and then, going into a coach with that gentleman, taking the road to Peterhoff, and has not been seen since; and I have not been able to learn where he was conducted to. It is said that in the deed of resignation of the Crown there was a clause promising the Emperor liberty to retire into Holstein. Thus ended this extraordinary and important affair, and her Imperial Majesty, after having passed the night at a country-house of Prince Kurakin's, returned to town yesterday morning on horseback, and after having heard mass at the New Admiralty Church, which was consecrated that day, went directly to the summer palace, where she, with her son the Grand Duke, have taken up their residence, and where all sorts of people, for some hours, were admitted to kiss her hand. As for us foreign Ministers we, each of us, received copies of the inclosed paper on Saturday evening, and we now wait for a notification of the time when we are to be admitted to the presence of her Imperial Majesty. I have the honour, likewise, to transmit to you the manifesto, published by authority, with the translation, in which you will see that great stress is laid upon the shameful peace concluded with their enemy; notwithstanding which, as Baron Goltz, who attended the Emperor to the last, was returning to town, he was met on the road by Mr. Alsuffieff, who, by order of the Empress, assured him that he had nothing to fear, and that he might either return to Oranienbaum for a day or two, or proceed to Petersburg, a proper escort being appointed to attend him to either place; but he, choosing the town, is now at his house here in perfect freedom; and, what is more remarkable, Mr. Alsuffieff assured him that the Empress was perfectly well disposed towards cultivating his Prussian Majesty's friendship. The Hetman was, I hear, with General Villebois and Mr. Panin (*sic*), the Grand Duke's Governor, the principal persons in bringing about this revolution, and under them the brothers Orloff were the most trusted and the most active; but the most singular circumstance of the whole is, that the place of rendezvous was the house of the Princess Dashkoff (*sic*), a young lady not above twenty years old, daughter to Count Roman Larionwitz Woronzoff, sister to the late favourite Elizabeth, and niece to the Chancellor; it is certain that she bore a principal share in contriving and carrying on the conspiracy, from the beginning to the conclusion of it. Of all men the Het-

man seemed to possess the greatest share of the unfortunate Emperor's affection, and two days before his fall he dined at Marshall Razoumowsky's country-house, and was upon that occasion received and served with the greatest marks of duty, zeal, and attachment on the part of both brothers, and when he returned to Oranienbaum, the Hetman went straight to Peterhoff to concert matters with the Empress. It is a dispute what part the Chamberlain Schuwaloff had in this affair. On Friday evening, before the Empress left the town, she despatched an officer to bring back Count Bestucheff to Petersburg, and it is thought he will have a considerable share in the administration; in the mean time Mr. Panin is the person that takes most upon him, though both the Chancellor, Count Woronzoff and the Vice-Chancellor, Prince Galitzin, continue in their places. The former came to town on Friday evening, and, going directly to Court, was tolerably well received, and promised the Empress's protection; however, at his own desire, he had two officers of the Guards put about him for the first two days, but now they are taken off, and he goes on in the functions of his office. His lady was not at Court till Sunday (having continued with the Emperor to the end, and having been even at Cronstadt with him), and when she kissed the Empress's hand, she took off her riband of St. Catherine, and offering it to her Imperial Majesty, said she never asked for it, and now laid it at her feet, but the Empress most obligingly took it, and with her own hand put it again over the Countess Woronzow's shoulders. With regard to the motives of this revolution, it is plain that the taking away the church lands was the principal, joined to his neglect of the clergy; the next was the severe discipline which the Emperor endeavoured to introduce amongst the troops, especially the Guards, who had been accustomed to great idleness and license, and the discontent among them was heightened by the resolution his Imperial Majesty had taken of carrying a great part of that corps into Germany with him, in his expedition against Denmark, which was a measure disagreeable to the whole nation, who stomached greatly their being drawn into new expenses and new dangers for recovering the Duchy of Sleswick, which they consider as a trifling object in itself, and entirely indifferent to Russia, and this after the Emperor had just sacrificed the conquests made by the Russian arms,

and which might have been of great importance to this empire, to his friendship to the King of Prussia, which, however, their desire for peace would have made them not only put up with, but approve. Several other little circumstances greatly exaggerated, artfully represented and improved, contributed to the fall of this unhappy prince, who had many excellent qualities, and who never did a violent or cruel action in the course of his short reign; but who, from an abhorrence to business, owing to a bad education, and the unhappy choice of favourites who encouraged him in it, let everything run into confusion, and by a mistaken notion he had conceived of having secured the affections of the nation by the great favours he had so nobly bestowed upon them, after his first mounting the throne, fell into indolence and security that proved fatal to him. To conclude, not only I, but several persons of sense and discernment, thought they could perceive, latterly, in this prince, a considerable change from what he was for some months after his accession, and that the perpetual hurry in which he lived, and the flattery from the vile people about him, had in some measure affected his understanding. I must own that I had no apprehension that this revolution could happen so soon, but I was always of opinion that if he left his dominions he ran great risk of never returning to them, and for that reason I made use of every means I could think of to divert him from that expedition, sometimes by insinuations to himself, and sometimes by representing the dangers to others who had the honour to approach his person and a title to offer him their advice; whether they did their duty in this point, particularly Prince George, I cannot say, but if they did, the event has shown that it was all to no purpose.

July 2 (13).

Last night, about ten o'clock, I received a message desiring me to be at the Court this morning at eleven, and having gone thither accordingly, found great numbers of people, and amongst the rest my brethren the foreign Ministers, and we were soon afterwards carried into the Empress's apartment, and presented to her by the Chancellor. In kissing her Imperial Majesty's hand I took the opportunity of wishing her a happy reign, and of making her a proper compliment in the King's name which was kindly received and returned in very

handsome terms, and upon the whole, my reception was very good. I could observe the countenance of some of my brethren considerably changed for the better, particularly those of the Danish Envoy and of the Imperial Ambassador; *apropos* to the last, orders have already been sent to Count Czernichoff forthwith to leave the Prussian army, and return into Prussia, and at the same time orders were likewise despatched to General Panin to go and take the command of General Bomanzoff's army and to bring it back likewise into Prussia; all this give some people the notion, that this Court may have entertained some thoughts of keeping the whole or some part of that country, notwithstanding the late peace. There was likewise a good deal of difference to be observed in the faces of the courtiers, some for the better, some for the worse; those who seemed to make the most important figure, were the Hetman, Mr. Panin, and that gentleman, Mr. Orloff, who is mentioned in the former part of this letter; he is made Knight of St. Alexander and *Chambellan*. Amongst the ladies, the Princess Dashkoff (*sic*) was distinguished by the Order of St. Catherine, the Empress having given her the riband she wore herself before she put on the blue. Her father and sister are under confinement in Count Roman's own house. It is said that the Emperor in making his terms, desired only three things, his own life, and grace for his favourite lady, and for his adjutant, Brigadier Godowitz, who is likewise under arrest. There have been several promotions made, particularly of new senators, in which number the Vice-Chancellor is, but I refer myself to my next, in which I shall transmit the most exact list I shall be able to procure. Prince Menchikoff, after being made General-in-Chief, and Knight of St. Andrew, was despatched to Moscow on Friday evening, to proclaim the Empress in that capital. You cannot fail, sir, to be tired of this long, incoherent letter, but in the hurry of the times all I can do is to throw together as many particulars as come to my knowledge.

P. S.—Baron Goltz was not at Court for want of clothes, it having been insinuated in the message from the ceremonies that it was expected he would come to Court in other clothes than regimentals; but having none but of that kind ready, he cannot be presented till next Court-day. Baron Luttoff, the Mecklenbourg Minister, was at Court amongst

the rest; he left a card at my door last night. Both Melgonoff and Wolkoff are under arrest.

From Good Words.

THE PRESCOTTS OF PAMPHILLON.

BY MRS. FARR, AUTHOR OF "DOROTHY FOX."

CHAPTER XXI.

HIDDEN MOTIVES.

WITH the exception of a few of the Captain's particular cronies, all the guests had taken their leave, and Hero had already gone outside the house to wait for Leo's arrival.

The wind, which had considerably freshened since the moon had risen, caused the flying scud every now and then to obscure the light of the lover's lamp. The air felt chilly and cold, yet Hero was glad to take off her hat, and let the breeze play about her head. Her impatience to have this conversation over increased the hot fever which had all day oppressed her. She thought that after she had spoken to Leo she should feel more at ease, and she clung to the hope that in some way he would help her.

At a sound of footsteps she rose, walked to the gate, and listened; it was Leo, and they turned at once down the same pathway by which he had lately led Mrs. Labouchere. They soon reached a grassy ledge planted with shrubs, which formed a screen behind, while a projection sheltered it from view in front.

"We will stop here," Hero said, leaning against the rock, so as to bring herself face to face with Leo.

"And now what have you to say to me?" he asked, trying to hide his nervousness under a smiling demeanor. For a moment Hero did not answer; she was trying to gather up her courage, and swallow down the great lump which threatened to dissolve into an outburst of passionate tears. She longed, but feared, to obey her natural instinct, which said, "Tell him all; say that your love has been tempted, but only to show how greatly it stands in need of him to cling to." Had Leo's love been staunch and honest, he would have had no cause for distrust, for out of the truthfulness of her nature came these promptings, and from the moment her confession reached his ear any rival would have ceased to exist.

"Hero, darling, what is the matter?" for Leo could not withstand the troubled beauty of the sweet face before him.

If Hero had known every art of bewitchment she could not have looked more dangerously lovely than her grief had this night made her. The slightly-swollen lids, and the dark circles round her eyes; her cheeks white as her low forehead, round which the breeze was tossing the little dark rings of stray hair, the drooping curves of the sad mouth, the quivering lips, told without words the workings of her sorrowful heart.

"Hero!"—and this time the answer came; not prefaced as she intended, for Leo's tender looks and tone stirred up something within her which made her feel secure and certain of herself. She knew that when, as Leo's future wife, she took her place by his side, openly and before the whole world, nothing would make her swerve again; and acting upon this she raised her tearful, trusting eyes, and said—

"I want you to make our engagement public, Leo; let every one know about it."

Leo gave an involuntary start of amazement. This request was the last one he had expected her to make. Since she had told him that she wanted this conversation with him, a dozen conjectures had entered his mind; some of them (such as a suspicion that she intended giving him up for Sir Stephen) making him feel angry and bitter, but that she only wanted to say this about the engagement was what he never once dreamed of. Was she jealous of Mrs. Labouchere? and so determined to settle these misgivings at once! Leo's nature was not a generous one, and certainly one not given to judge others more highly than himself; and these thoughts, clashing as they did with his recent plans, considerably damped the present ardor of his love, and his voice sounded quite differently as he asked—

"Why, Hero, what is your reason for saying this now?"

"Because I feel that people ought to know it."

"I think there are very few people in Mallett but do know I love you, Hero."

"Yes, and because of that—before it did not matter, but now—when strangers to us have come here, it would be better to have it properly understood. I wish it to be so, and you have no objection, have you?" and she looked earnestly at him, and then drew back a step.

"Objection! what objection could I have? only, upon my word, I do not know quite what there is to say. It seems rather awkward to go up to Mrs. Prescott and Sir Stephen—I suppose it is to them you allude—for the purpose of telling them that I am in love with you, and that some day—God knows when!—we hope to get married. You judge these people," he added, seeing the changed expression in her face, "by your own warm heart, Hero; whereas, among that class, they care nothing about what you or I are going to do. The amusement of the hour is all they want from us; not to be bored with our hopes and plans. Ah, my darling! I know them, and have suffered from them too. Fellows often say, 'Despard knows such a heap of swells; he's sure to get his promotion.' So I thought once," and Leo sighed hopelessly; "but though they are glad enough to laugh and be entertained, just attempt to hint at a favor from them, and see how they'll soon choke you off."

"I don't think you would find the Prescotts are of that class, Leo."

Leo shook his head.

"You do not know the world, dear. If I were to go to Combe to-morrow, and say, 'Miss Carthew has promised to marry me as soon as I get my captaincy,' the first thing that would occur to Sir Stephen would be, 'This fellow wants me to use my interest for him,' and there'd be a change in his manner at once."

Hero did not answer. Leo's words and tone jarred upon her. A vague feeling of distrust came into her mind, and with it a shadow of resentment against him. She stood with her eyes fixed upon the ground, unconscious of the look of mingled love, pain, and humiliation which her companion had turned upon her as he told himself it was best not to put the question beyond doubt, and proclaim the toils in which his love still bound him. Every feeling pleaded on the side of her who had never before seemed so necessary to his happiness.

"Oh, Hero!" he exclaimed, allowing his tongue this time to give utterance to his thoughts, "how a man like Sir Stephen is to be envied! What wonder if a poor beggar like myself is miserable and discontented? He can do what he likes; can have what he likes; can marry when and whom he pleases. I'd freely give the best half of my life to exchange places with him at this moment."

"You might not find the position so

very enviable," Hero could not help saying.

"Pshaw!" and Leo gave a contemptuous movement of disbelief. "You will put faith in the bosh he tells you." Jealousy was successfully drifting him away from love now. "You really seem always to have more pity for him than you have for me."

"I do not see anything to particularly pity you for."

"You don't? Then I'll tell you.

While you have been light-hearted and happy here, I have been scheming and striving to see how it was possible for me to get my step, or whether by any means, I could scrape together the purchase-money—who would help me; whose interest I could get—until what with dwelling morning, noon, and night on the one thing; trying to secure this one's favour, and the other's patronage; full of hope one day, to be cast into the depths the next—my brain has been pretty nearly distracted. Not see anything to pity me for! If that is not enough, I'll tell you something more, Hero, and it is this—that looking the whole thing fairly in the face, I see no possible chance of being promoted for ten years to come; and instead of going to Combe, and saying that 'Miss Carthew has promised to wait for me,' the only honourable thing left for me to do is not to breathe a word about the matter, so that at any time you may release yourself from a promise which I ought never to have drawn from you. I always said and knew it was wrong to fetter a girl, more especially one who is safe to have the opportunities you have; but love makes most men cowardly, and I was so full of hope that something would surely turn up—" He paused for Hero to speak, but finding she remained silent, he went on—"All that is over now. It is folly trying to deceive myself any longer, and worse than folly, it is dishonorable to deceive you."

"I am not deceived," Hero said coldly; "I quite understand you. Before, you wished for the engagement; now, from something which has happened, you wish for it no longer."

"Hero! do I hear aright—can you be saying these words to me?" and Leo turned towards her.

Hero clasped her hands in distress. Was she wronging him? Something within her said he was deceiving her. Could he be doing so, or was it the knowledge of all she had lost by his tardy

avowal which was making her bitter or suspicious? Yes, perhaps that was it, and laying her hand on his arm, she said—

"Leo, if I wrong you, forgive me. I have no wish to believe my suspicions are true; only be frank with me, and if you have any reason for this—this determination, tell me what it is."

"I have told you my reasons," he answered, without lifting up his head; "and if I had not by my original selfishness given you cause to suspect my honour, you would never have thrown such an accusation at me."

"There was nothing dishonourable in what you did, Leo. You used no persuasions, nor did you need them. I was as willing to wait as you were. From the first you told me you had an objection to a formal engagement—I never saw any, and that is the only mistake we made; it should have been open, or not at all."

"And that is all I have said and all I have to say. I am not in a position to be engaged—no man is until he sees a prospect of marriage; therefore I have no right to bind you." Then, after a pause, he added pleadingly, "But why need things be altered, Hero? We have always been happy—why not continue so? All I want to feel certain about is this, that I am not a drawback to you in any way—not standing in your light, darling. Many who have loved as dearly as we two love, have been separated by circumstances which they had not foreseen; and I cannot tell what may happen. For instance, somebody in a better position or better off might make an offer to you, and I don't know whether it would not be right that you should accept, or at least that I should counsel you to accept, what would be for your advantage." Then catching sight of her face, he broke out, "Hero, how hard and cold you are!—bent upon misunderstanding me, feeling nothing but resentment in return for the sacrifice I am striving to make. Most women would take it as a proof of love, that a man offers to give up his dearest hopes rather than be a dead weight round her prospects. I gain nothing by setting you free. You know well enough, perhaps too well, that do what I may I can never love you less. All I ask is to remain as we are, trusting to fate and each other. But to draw down the strictures which such people as the Prescotts would make—to have my actions doubted, and my honour questioned, I could not stand it."

Leo had by this time lashed himself into the talk by which nothing is ever accomplished. Hidden motives are very prone to gobble speech, and lead the conversation straying into channels by which, though the end may be gained, the way is not the smooth path along which it was intended to go. To explain his motives to himself would have been a hard task for Leo. Believing that her request arose solely out of jealousy, his faith in her remained unshaken. Had he entertained the barest suspicion of the truth, Leo would have proclaimed their engagement from pole to pole, rather than have given up one, whom he loved with all the strength and fervour of which he was capable.

After delivering his last speech he had turned away, and a silence of some minutes reigned between them. At last Hero said, in a weary and saddened voice—

"Don't think that I am reproaching you, Leo—I have more cause to reproach myself, perhaps. I suppose we cannot help changing."

"I can never change towards you," Leo said.

"We must be friends in future," she went on, not heeding him.

"Friends!" he echoed bitterly; "and you can say this, Hero, so calmly?"

"Yes, Leo, as long as we live we can never be anything but friends. I see, now, that neither of us knew the other; and as we were, we never should have known each other."

"I think you should speak for yourself," Leo said. "I am glad to say I am no more mentally than physically blind."

He felt that he could afford to take a higher stand, now that Hero was displaying "all this temper."

"I am not going to be frightened into giving in," he said to himself. "If I get a chance the next time we are all together, I'll give her something to be jealous of. I'll seem to take her at her word now, and see how she likes that." So he said—

"You seem to look upon this as a final separation between us?"

Hero nodded assent.

"Then you are as fickle and heartless as the rest of your sex!" he exclaimed; "and I believe you never gave me the love you professed. I would have sworn that, come what might, you would have been true to me—that it would have broken your heart to have given me up;

but I find I was mistaken—I deceived myself."

"No, you did not—at any cost I should have been true to you, and I have never said a word to you that was not from my heart. But, Leo, I distrust you—I cannot help it. What you have said, and the reasons you have given me, may be just and true, but they are utterly unlike you."

"Thank you," he said angrily. "One of the first privileges of friendship is the right to be candid with your friends; and at length I have the pleasure of hearing your true estimate of my character. This is something quite new."

Hero gave a sigh. The excitement of the last few days had been too much for her, and a weariness such as she had never felt before took possession of her.

"I must go home," she said, "I seem to be tired out," and she quickened her steps, and began reascending the path,—Leo walking silently and moodily behind her fighting a little internal battle between love and discretion. Love said, "Make it up;" discretion said, "If you give way now, she will take you to task again." They reached the house. Leo stopped, and said sullenly—

"I suppose others are to know nothing of this alteration between us."

"No. People will gradually come to see, and know, that we are changed. Of course I shall tell papa, and you will tell Aunt Lydia. They are the only two who have any right to be further informed."

"May I still come and see you?"

"Come whenever you like—only say good-night now, for I feel as if I could not say another word."

CHAPTER XXII.

"CROOKED AS A RAM'S HORN."

"I AM sorry that our excursion has fallen to the ground to-day," Leo said, as, luncheon over, they sat chatting together at Combe.

"Yes," said Katherine; "but as Miss Carthew is absent, and my cousin unexpectedly engaged, perhaps it is better to postpone it; besides which, I doubt if the water is quite as smooth as it was yesterday. You are going to buy a boat, are you not, Stephen?"

"Yes; it is that calls me away this afternoon."

"I hope you have engaged a safe man to go out with you and take care of it, Stephen," said Mrs. Prescott anxiously.

Sir Stephen nodded. "Make your

mind easy, mother; I am to have one of the best sailors in the village, Joe Bunce," he said, turning to Leo; "you know him, of course?"

"What! Betsey's friend? Oh, yes. He's a first-rate fellow."

"Who is Betsey?" asked Mrs. Prescott.

"Ah!" laughed Sir Stephen, "you have a treat to come in Betsey—she is Captain Carthew's old servant and factotum—quite a character."

"You surely don't mean a plain elderly woman who stood at the table?" said Mrs. Labouchere. "Why, Stephen, she was my horror. She did nothing but press me to eat all sorts of things."

"Well, there was nothing horrible in that. You may depend upon it she only offered you what was good. She is a capital cook."

"I wondered at the time how Miss Carthew could endure such a person about her. I fancied she must have come up from the village. I never thought she could be one of the servants."

"Complimentary to the opinion you have formed of the village!" said Sir Stephen, not caring to enter into a discussion of the Sharrow's household.

"Well, you must allow that they are dreadfully uncouth and rough," said Mrs. Labouchere. "I can afford to discuss them with you now," she added smiling, "for Mr. Despard is quite of my opinion. He says that ships only touch here on their way to England."

"Oh, too bad!" and Mrs. Prescott shook her head at them, "particularly from you, Mr. Despard."

"Yes," said Sir Stephen. "It is your native place, is it not?"

"Oh, no!" and Leo wished the conversation had taken any other than a personal turn. "I came here a small boy with my uncle when he got the living."

"I regret that I did not know your uncle," said Mrs. Prescott, "he was a great friend of my brother-in-law's—the late baronet," she added, seeing Leo did not seem to understand to whom she alluded.

"Was he? my uncle was rather eccentric in many things; his reticence at last became really painful, and he seldom or never spoke of his young life. I believe one motive for this was, that he wanted me to look upon him as my father, and he could not bear to enter upon any subject which might lead to my asking any questions."

"Really!" exclaimed Mrs. Prescott, "then you know very little about your own parents?"

"Nothing, except that my mother died when I was a baby, and my father," he added with a little laugh, "waited until he had spent all her money and his own, and then he very obligingly died and left me on his brother's hands. I have an aunt still who lives here, but she perfectly worshipped my uncle, and holds his slightest wish as sacred, so that knowing how it would pain her to refuse me, I have never asked her any questions."

"And quite right," said Mrs. Prescott, while Sir Stephen, who was fidgeting to get away, wondered if his mother would sit listening to this uninteresting gossip all day.

"Why don't you offer Mr. Despard a seat to the Forts, mother?" he said, "you are going that way."

"I shall be most happy, but perhaps Mr. Despard will not care to go round by the road. I do not feel equal to that hilly lane to-day."

"I don't want to get to the Forts before five o'clock, and if you will have me I shall enjoy the drive immensely; I was thinking how disinclined I felt to walk."

This was said under the certainty that Mrs. Labouchere intended to accompany them; but to their surprise, she asked,—

"Are you going to walk across the park, Stephen?"

"I? Yes. Oh, don't mind me. You know I hate driving. I want to walk."

"So do I." And the hearts of the two men sank as the words came out. "If you will have me, I will go with you?"

"Now I feel I am inconveniencing you."

"You see I am going down the village on to the Hard," Sir Stephen and Leo exclaimed together.

"Then I will go as far as the top of the lane, Stephen."

"No, indeed," she said, turning to Leo. "I am much obliged to you for going with Mrs. Prescott; I wanted to walk. Shall I get ready now, Stephen?"

"Yes, do."

Sir Stephen tried to assent cordially; for, after thinking and arguing with himself during the past three hours, he had arrived at the conclusion that it would look very odd if, after Hero had sent an excuse to his mother of not being well enough to lunch with her, he did not go down and inquire after her. He would not go in, that he was determined upon. The engagement to see his boat was quite

an impromptu one, which any other time would suit as well. Of course, as he said to himself, he had no right to complain; that Hero had chosen to go with Leo, and yet he longed to unburden himself of his bitter jealousy. Anyhow, Katherine would be completely *de trop*.

Leo was equally disgusted at having to spend a couple of hours with that "stupid old woman," who wanted, he could see, to pry into everything and find out all she could about everybody. How he wished that he had known Mrs. Labouchere was not going! he would have seen her aunt at Jericho before he would have wasted his time upon her. He might have gone down to Sharrows, inquired after Hero and left his card. He would not have gone in, and that would rather have touched her, for, of course, he knew why she stayed away from Combe. While the two ladies were getting ready, Leo and Stephen were left alone.

"I am sorry to find Miss Carthew is not well," Sir Stephen said, apropos of nothing leading to the subject. "I suppose that moonlight excursion was too much for her?"

"Oh! she did not go," Leo answered.

He rather prided himself on the coolness with which, if a lie had to be told, he told it, and, of course where a woman was concerned, any denial was admissible.

Sir Stephen felt his face get crimson, but, as without seeming to avoid his questioner Leo did not look him straight in the face, the surprise manifested passed unnoticed.

"Did not anybody go then?" Sir Stephen asked, after a moment's pause.

"No; I was detained at the Fort longer than I expected; and when I got back, with the exception of two or three old chums, everybody had left."

"What a fine old fellow Captain Carthew is!" Sir Stephen said after a pause, intending to give Leo a chance of seeing that he knew more of his affairs than he thought.

"Yes, quite one of the old class of sailors — looks upon steam as the ruin of the navy, and a 'boiler buster' as a creation of the devil."

"I took a very great liking to him when I first came down here; he and Miss Carthew made me so thoroughly at home."

It was Leo's turn to become inquisitor. "I'll find out," he thought, with a twinge of sudden jealousy, "what he really thinks about her."

"I heard that you admired Miss Carthew immensely," he answered.

"You heard! From whom?"

"Oh! Mrs. Labouchere told me so yesterday."

And Leo laughed at the surprise his announcement had caused.

"I do admire Miss Carthew," said Sir Stephen, "and I have spoken of my admiration to Mrs. Labouchere; but she is hardly warranted in speaking of it to a stranger—for such you were yesterday."

"Means nothing serious, and is afraid of being misunderstood," Leo thought, with a feeling of relief. Hastening to soften down Katherine's share, he said,—

"It is hardly fair to say that of Mrs. Labouchere's simple remark. The truth is, she noticed herself how very superior to most of the Mallett ladies Miss Carthew is, and I agreeing with her, she began a little teasing, and laughingly told me I had a rival. I made more of it to you than I was warranted in doing."

"I don't know that—if you had a right." And Sir Stephen hesitated.

"A right!" echoed Leo. "What do you mean?"

"He is trying to pump me," he thought as he added,—

"I have the same right that every other man has to admire the young lady."

"Nothing more?"

"No, certainly not; I don't understand what you mean."

But Sir Stephen had abruptly turned from him, and was speaking to the groom.

Before Leo had time for further reflection, Mrs. Prescott joined them, and a few minutes after they had started on their different ways.

"A well-mannered man this Mr. Despard," Katherine said, "I rather like him."

"I don't," said Sir Stephen in his most decided tone.

"No? Why not?"

"Oh, for no particular reason except that—well, that I don't like him."

"No other but a woman's reason," quoted Katherine; "I think him so, because I think him so. He does not admire Mallett as much as you do; but then," she added, laughing, "he knows it better, and—though I am not drawing a similar inference—he does not particularly admire your friend Miss Carthew. He thinks she wants style—which she certainly does—and he laughed when I said she was simple and unaffected."

"His mirth is easily provoked," said Sir Stephen, not daring to give vent to his indignation, for fear of betraying Hero and himself.

But should Hero sacrifice herself to such a man as this?—never; and, in his excitement, he so quickened his pace, that his cousin exclaimed pettishly,—

"If you are going to run, Stephen, I will give in at once. I generally walk at a tolerably brisk rate, but this is rather too much for me."

"I beg your pardon. I did not know that I was walking so quickly." And he slackened his pace to suit his companion.

"I suppose most of these paths lead to the water below?" she said as they neared the gate.

"All of them do."

"Are they tolerably easy? Could one sit half way down?"

"Certainly; and very pleasant it would be. I cannot offer to go down with you; but, if I am not detained too long, I will join you."

"Then I will turn down the one we are coming to."

"Very well," said Sir Stephen, well pleased that she had not accompanied him to Sharrows. "I will get done as soon as possible—only you will not wait for me. Let that be understood—directly you feel inclined you will go home."

"Yes, au revoir."

They parted, and Mrs. Labouchere slowly descended the path she had pointed to, her thoughts all the time following Stephen. His altered looks, his variable spirits, had not escaped her quick eyes; and since she had seen the way he had hovered about Hero, she had connected the change some way with her. What it could be she could not fancy. It was hardly credible that Stephen should be playing rejected lover to a little common-faced country girl, who would regard being my lady as second only to being the queen. "Still, if I find that he has made excuses to me and gone there, I shall know there is something between them." And with an angry feeling within her, she hastened on as fast as she dared, and gaining the Sands, walked along, wondering which path would take her to Sharrows.

It had seemed easy enough to find while she was above, but below she could see nothing but the overhanging cliffs. Suddenly her ear caught sound of a voice, and looking, she saw a man seated on the Sands busily employed in some occupation over which he was singing,—

Oh, what a dis-i-mal state was this!

What horrors shook my feeble frame!"

"Can you tell me the path by which I shall get to Sharrows?"

But though she was nearly close up to him, he neither raised his head, nor seemed to notice her approach, but continued, —

"But, brethren, su-urely you can guess —"

Here Mrs. Labouchere's impatience overcame her dislike of touching such people, and she gave him a little shake, which made him look up, and, in his amazement, while regarding her over his horn spectacles, say, rather than sing, —

"For you perhaps have felt the same."

"Can you tell me the way to Sharrows?"

"Ay, ay, my lady!" for the singer, who was Jim, having by this time recognized her, proceeded to bundle his bits of sail-cloth together, disengage his hook, from its office of keeping his patch taut, and get on his legs as fast as he could.

"I have missed my way," Katherine said in explanation.

"I reckon you must speak up a bit more than you'm used to, my lady, for I'm terrible hard o' hearin'. Do 'ee want to go 'pon the watter?"

"No," roared Katherine, exerting herself far more than was necessary, "I want to know the way to Captain Carthew's house."

"Iss sure," replied Jim. "Will 'ee please to come along o' me?"

"Can't you tell me the way to go?"

"I could — iss — but you'd niver git there. You'd better let me go with 'ee, me lady."

Mrs. Labouchere nodded her acquiescence, and they proceeded on side by side.

"Might ye be goin' to see Miss Hero?" asked Jim.

Mrs. Labouchere gave a haughty little movement of her head — not lost on Jim; for he added, by way of apologizing for his curiosity, "cos' her's out. I met her not more than half n'our ago gone goin' to ole Miss Despard's."

Mrs. Labouchere stopped.

"Did you!" she said. "Are you sure it was Miss Carthew?"

"What! sure about it bein' Miss Hero? Lor', mum!" added Jim, after a surprised pause, "why I've a knowed her ever since her was born. Her's like our own to us about here. 'Twould be like snappin' o' our heart-strings the day she was a took from among us."

"Is she likely to go, then?" asked Mrs. Labouchere, with sudden interest in Jim's conversation.

"Well, me lady, not as I knowed by, though there's many hard after her, as I dare say you, bein' a married lady, don't doubt."

Katherine smiled; and Jim, launched on one of his favorite topics, continued, —

"'Tis a matter o' prayer with me that her chice'll be guided; for, notwithstanding, in' he'd a uncle who's, depend upon it, me lady, a saint in glory — though he was a church-goer — Mr. Despard ain't fitted to tie her shoe-string."

"Mr. Despard?" said Katherine.

"A tallish, fine-looking young chap," Jim explained, "up to the Forts."

"Oh, yes, I know him; and is he Miss Carthew's lover?"

"Well, me lady, it's bin goin' on ever since they was boy and girl. 'Tain't reg'lar gived out that they'm walkin' together you know, but anybody with half a eye can see he's got the measure o' her tread."

"Is the liking all on her side then?" Katherine asked, sauntering back with Jim; for his information had decided her upon not paying her visit.

"No, not by no means, me lady; 'tain't for me to say that he ain't fond, but he arn't a got the same ways as your gentleman has. Lord! he wouldn't let a fly pitch upon her, he wouldn't."

"You mean Sir Stephen Prescott," Katherine said, feeling inwardly disgusted that she should stoop to gain her information from such a source.

"If it ain't a takin' too great a liberty, me lady —"

"Oh! I know," said Katherine, struggling to seem gracious, "that he is very fond of Miss Carthew, and Captain Carthew also."

Jim looked his delight at this intelligence.

"If so be you could bring it round, me lady, there's many 'ed be beholden to 'ee, for it don't want a Malletter to see they'm cut and dried for one another."

"Any of these paths will take me back into Combe park?" said Katherine, stopping suddenly.

"I reckon you comed down by that one," said Jim, pointing out one they had just passed.

"Yes, you are right: I will return by the same, thank you," and she held out a half-crown.

But instead of taking it, Jim shook his head, "Excuse me, me lady, but I'd rather not take it; 'tain't what we've bin used to hereabouts. If I've a bin o' any little service to 'ee, 'tis my dooty to thank

you, me lady, which I humbly do, and begs God's blessin' on you and your belongings."

"Thank you," said Katherine; then giving a doubtful glance at the old man's face, and another at the money, she returned it to her purse, and with a parting inclination towards him she began reascending the cliff.

From Mrs. Labouchere Sir Stephen had gone straight on to Sharrows, to be met at the gate by Betsey, who exclaimed:—

"Well, I niver! if things baint so crooked as a ram's horn, to-day, sir. There's Miss Hero just a gone out."

"Gone out! where? I thought she was too ill."

"And so her was this mornin', Sir Stephen, cruel bad, and you'd ha' said so, too, sir. I was all for sending off for Dr. Cross, for when anybody near to 'ee ails, 'tis fly to the doctor, as if he'd a got the orderin' o' folks' insides. I don't trouble 'im much about mine, that's one thing; a dose o' salts, or a cup o' organ tea, and after that put your trust in a higher than a human hand. I can't abide their pills and drenches. Winkle churchyard has a taught me a lesson there:—

If daily draught and nightly pill
Us mortals saved, I've took'd my fill;
But reader, as sure as you'm alive,
I was sent here at twenty-five.

And you may read that headstone any day, Sir Stephen."

Sir Stephen, who had been waiting to get in a word, now managed to ask where Miss Hero had gone.

"Up to the ole Miss Despard's; her sent down to say her wanted Miss Hero most particular. I dessay 'taint nothin' after all," she added, vexed that Sir Stephen should be disappointed, "but you'd think the world was made a purpose for some folks and their nevy; I s'pose you don't happen to be goin' back by Shivers Lane, sir, do 'ee?"

"No; why?"

"Because you might by chance ha' met Miss Hero; her promised to leave a message at Mrs. Kemp's for me, that's to the bottom, just after the farm turnin'."

"Shiver's Lane, let me see, that is the second turning to the left?"

"Yes."

"No; I shall not be able to go that way to-day, I fear. Good-by, Betsey; tell Miss Hero that I only called to inquire after her."

"And that you'll call again?" Betsey

added coaxingly; "do 'ee, Sir Stephen, and cheer her up a bit; he'll look as spry as two after you comed, sir."

But Sir Stephen shook his head.

"Not to-day, Betsey," he said as he turned away.

CHAPTER XXIII.

LEO'S MYSTERY.

AUNT LYDIA's summons was for Hero to come to her that afternoon, as she was alone, and wished to see her most particularly. The poor girl did not feel very equal to going, but she was anxious to retain the old lady's love and esteem, and she could not tell how far this difference with Leo might endanger both.

Directly they met, Aunt Lydia's manner betrayed her changed feelings, and Hero began wondering how much of the truth Leo had seen fit to tell her. For, between standing much in awe of her nephew, and having a very humble opinion of her own powers of comprehension, it was nothing unusual for Hero to be summoned to explain some announcement which Leo had made, and which Miss Despard could not understand.

"You had best take off your hat while you stay, Hero," she said, as soon as they were alone; "for what I have to say to you cannot be put into a few words."

Hero did as she was requested, and seated herself on the chair which Miss Despard pointed out opposite to her own.

"Well, Hero," said Miss Lydia, "to make a short beginning to a long story, I have not been pleased with you of late."

"No, Aunt Lydia?"

"No, my dear, I have not; and as you know it is my way to say what I think, you must not take offence if I speak plainly."

Hero gave a movement significant of willingness to take in good part Miss Lydia's candor.

"Perhaps," continued the old lady, who found it a very difficult task to find fault with her favourite, "what you have done has been done thoughtlessly; for I cannot suppose that you would willingly wound or hurt any one, least of all"—and here her assumed firmness grew somewhat quavery—"my dear boy."

"How does he say I have wounded him?" asked Hero, in a manner which conveyed to Miss Lydia's mind an idea that the culprit meant to defend herself, and thereby instantly brought back all her anger.

"He does not say anything, Hero; but

I am not blind, neither am I deaf, or I should not have heard remarks and observations, which, directly Leo told me that your engagement with each other was over, made me know the reason, although he would not say one word as to the cause."

"I assure you I do not know what you mean, Aunt Lydia, nor can I imagine the reason you allude to."

"Oh, don't say that, Hero," and Miss Lydia shook her head reprovingly. "You must know how everybody has been talking about you and Sir Stephen Prescott. It was only the day before yesterday that Miss Batt said, that she had heard several say, that it was generally remarked how much attention Sir Stephen paid you."

"Indeed! I think people might mind their own business," exclaimed Hero, her face turning scarlet.

"Well, I don't know but that it is the business of every one to comment on actions which call forth remarks. Perhaps you think that it is no business of mine to interfere, and that I ought to sit quietly by and see my poor boy's heart broken, and his peace of mind destroyed. But I cannot do it, Hero. Who is Sir Stephen Prescott, I should like to know? If every one had their right, and God's laws were the world's laws, as good a man as he would be in his shoes, I can tell him that."

"I don't understand you, Aunt Lydia."

"Perhaps not, Hero; but your friends at Combe would, though I beg you don't repeat a word I may say either to them or to Leo. Oh, Hero, I cannot tell you how disappointed I am in you. I would never have believed that you could be turned on one side by riches and vain-sounding titles." And in spite of her efforts to control them, the tears came rolling down Miss Despard's thin cheeks, melting away every spark of Hero's indignation.

Rising hastily from her seat, she knelt down by the old lady's side and said—

"Aunt Lydia, tell me exactly what you mean, and what Leo has said to you, and then I shall know if you understand him."

"He spoke words plain enough to be understood this time," sobbed Aunt Lydia. "I'm sure he looked like a ghost this morning, and didn't care to speak a word. I couldn't think what had put him out until I began to say something about you and him; and then, Hero, he said I was not to speak as I did, for it was nothing

of the kind, and that you were not engaged to each other, and you were free to marry whom you pleased; no one should say he was standing in your light. Then I knew that he had either seen or heard something. You'll repent it if you do, Hero," she added, following out the flight her fancy had taken; "you may marry a dozen Sir Stephens, but they won't be Leo Despard—mark my words, if they are."

"Do you suppose, then, that I am engaged to Sir Stephen, Aunt Lydia?"

"No, I don't think as badly of you as that; but I do think your head has been turned by a prospect which may never come to pass, for men were deceivers ever, and that you may prove to your cost, yet, my dear. You and Leo never fell out before—why should you now?"

"We did not fall out, Aunt Lydia. I will tell you the exact truth, as I intend telling papa. You and he are the only two who have any right to be told. You know that, though there was no formal engagement between Leo and myself, we looked upon ourselves as engaged."

"Certainly; that is how I have thought and spoken of you."

"From different things, I wanted it now to be known by everybody, like other people's engagements are, and I asked Leo to speak openly of it."

"Well?"

"Well, he objected. He said that he should not get his promotion for years; that he had tried all his friends, upon whose interest he had formerly depended, and none of them would or could help him; therefore it was dishonourable to openly bind me to him, and rather than do it he would accept the alternative—that for the future we should be only friends."

"And you could take him at his word?—oh fie, Hero!"

"I did not object to anything but secrecy, Aunt Lydia. I had made up my mind that I would have no more of that. I only told Leo that we must be properly engaged or not at all."

"And what objection had he to make?"

"The objections I have given you—that he should not be promoted for ten years to come. He says he has been wretched about it for a long while, because he has tried every means, and all have failed. I don't understand him; he always seemed to me so over sanguine, that I do not know why he should suddenly become so cast down—do you?"

Aunt Lydia did not answer. She sat

with a troubled far-off gaze, intent upon the working of her thoughts. At length she murmured—

"What is best—what is best? If Antony could but tell me how to act—surely he would say, do anything, to secure our boy's happiness."

"Leo would not allow you to sacrifice your income, Aunt Lydia, I feel sure of that."

But Aunt Lydia did not seem to hear, so wrapt was she in arguing some question with herself. Suddenly she said—

"I suppose these Prescotts hardly know the beginning or end of their wealth?"

"I don't know. Sir Stephen often says he wishes he had more money to spend on Mallett."

"Their proper estate is a magnificent place. I remember, in former days, my dear brother often speaking of the splendours of Pamphillon."

"I thought the rector knew about the Prescotts," said Hero, "and I told Sir Stephen so; but he did not seem to remember Mr. Despard."

"A short memory is sometimes very convenient," said Miss Despard sarcastically. "How did he and his mother meet Leo yesterday? Did Mrs. Prescott seem to be taken aback at all?"

"Mrs. Prescott!" said Hero, with a look of surprise. "No; she was the same to Leo as she was to everybody else, very kind and nice. I wished so much that you had come."

"Oh no, my dear, I have no wish to be mixed up with them in any way. All I want is justice to whom justice is due, and while they'd never miss it, it would be the saving of Leo."

"Oh, Aunt Lydia!" exclaimed Hero, fearing the old lady's fondness was affecting her senses. "I really do not see what they have to do with Leo—a perfect stranger. Sir Stephen is a most generous man, but —"

"Sir Stephen is nothing of the kind," said Miss Despard with a flushed face and excited manner. "There may be a great deal of brag and boast, but actions speak louder than words; and, so far from being generous, neither Sir Stephen nor his mother are just. No, not commonly just to those claims which nature imposes upon all."

But before she could say more, a knock at the outer door caused her to stop, and at the sound of a voice she said—

"Oh dear, dear! How unfortunate! it is Mrs. Grant. I dare say she has

come to stay. If so, Hero, you must run up again to-morrow morning; and then I shall have decided what is best to be done. In the meantime not a word to Leo, or to anybody."

Hero who did not want to be detained longer, hurried on her hat, and stood up ready to take her leave.

Mrs. Grant was announced, cap-bag in hand.

"For, my dear, if you will have me," she said, "I've come to tea, thinking you'd like to hear how all went off yesterday: but I expect mine is stale news," she added, turning to Hero, who reassured her by saying she had only come up to ask Aunt Lydia a question, and they had not had time to enter upon any descriptions."

"To-morrow about twelve," Aunt Lydia whispered at parting. "Remember your promise."

Hero walked slowly away from the house, filled with an uneasy dread lest Aunt Lydia had become suddenly demented. She would have felt almost certain that such was the case, but that she recollected how persistently the old lady had always refused to meet Sir Stephen: how doubtful she had seemed to be of his good qualities, croaking forth, in a fashion not at all usual with her, proverbs concerning new brooms sweeping clean, and a flourish of trumpets, etc. Then she began to wonder, whether the speeches Leo made had any deeper foundation than jealousy. But what could they know about him, or if they did know anything, how could they know it? Her thoughts grew more and more perplexed as fresh recollections occurred to her. The road which led to Shivers farm was an unfrequented one, so that her reverie was not likely to be broken in upon, and Hero slowly walked along, turning over the events which had recently given such a different colouring to her life. Suddenly a shadow in her path caused her to start, and looking up, she saw Sir Stephen.

"I have been watching you for a long time," he said.

"Have you? I never saw you."

"I know you did not. I was wondering what you could be thinking about. Are you better?"

"Yes, much better than I was this morning; but not quite well. I should not have gone out only Aunt Lydia wanted to see me."

"Aunt Lydia? Oh, I remember. Mr. Despard's aunt, the late rector's sister."

Both Sir Stephen and Hero felt a cer-

tain awkwardness at finding themselves alone.

Their minds were fixed upon one subject, which they mutually dreaded the nearest approach to; and, in the desire to avoid it, Hero asked a question which at another time she would have hesitated over.

"Do you know anything of Miss Despard's family?" she said.

"No. I do not. My uncle and her brother were friends, and, knowing that, my mother gave Mr. Despard the Combe living."

"Mrs. Prescott knows them, then?"

"She knows no more than I have told you. Why, what makes you ask?"

Hero did not answer. It was true that Aunt Lydia had desired her to say nothing to any one; but if, by speaking to Sir Stephen, she could show the good old soul that she had misjudged the Prescotts, Aunt Lydia would be the very first to thank her for so doing. And somehow this accusation against Sir Stephen lay rankling within Hero, and so sure did she feel that it was false, that she longed to wipe away the faintest trace of reproach from one, whom, unknown to herself, she was beginning to regard as the model of most perfections.

"Aunt Lydia has been talking about you to me," she began, with a little hesitation. "She spoke as if you knew her nephew before you came here, and had not treated him properly—had been unjust to him in some way."

"I! Oh, the poor old lady's mind must be affected. Until I met him at your house I never saw or heard of Mr. Despard."

"She did not seem to be referring to the present time, but as if it was something long ago. Poor Aunt Lydia!" and Hero looked quite troubled about her old friend's state.

"Mr. Despard told us that his father was the late rector's brother," Sir Stephen said, after a pause.

"Oh! was he? I never knew who his father was," Hero answered innocently.

"It is very odd," said Sir Stephen, with a puzzled look. "I'll ask my mother again; but I know she told me the other evening that she knew nothing whatever about them. Has Mr. Leo Despard ever alluded to this in any way?"

"Never. And Aunt Lydia made me promise not to mention to him a word that she had said."

"You must tell me if she says anything more to you, and I will —"

But here Sir Stephen was interrupted by the sudden appearance of Mr. Truscott, who said he was on his way to Combe.

"But, perhaps," he added, "you would rather that I came another day, Sir Stephen."

"I am going to say good-by here," Hero said. "I have to call at the farm for Betsey."

"In that case we will walk across the fields together, Mr. Truscott. I shall tell my mother that she may expect to see you to-morrow," he said, taking Hero's hand. "Good-by."

The business upon which Mr. Truscott had come being rather complicated, upon reaching the house Sir Stephen ran upstairs to say —

"Mr. Truscott will dine with us to-day, mother."

"Certainly, my dear. I have asked Mr. Despard to return, as he did not seem to know what to do with himself."

"All right," and Sir Stephen returned to business, which occupied him until dinner-time.

"I am sorry I was not able to join you, Katherine," he said as they seated themselves, "but up to the time I met Mr. Truscott I was fully occupied, and I knew you would excuse me."

Here Mr. Truscott, who was endowed with the happy talent of saying the wrong thing in the right place, murmured in the voice which he reserved for those who, he boasted, made him feel quite like one of themselves —

"I can assure you, madam, that Sir Stephen had a very fair excuse, for I met him with our friend, Miss Carthew," and he turned a most significant look upon Leo, while a dead silence gave point to his remark.

"I thought Miss Carthew was too ill to leave the house," said Mrs. Prescott; "her indisposition must have been of a very transient nature;" and the ruffled way in which she drew herself up determined Mr. Truscott to withhold any more praise of Miss Carthew.

"She is still far from well," said Sir Stephen. "I met her coming from an appointment she was obliged to keep, and she desired me to say to you how sorry she was to forego her engagement, but she hopes to call upon you to-morrow."

Mrs. Prescott said no more, Mrs. Labouchere entered into conversation with Leo, and Sir Stephen began asking questions relating to the estate. This lasted until the ladies left the dinner table, after which

Leo sat about a quarter of an hour, and then got up, saying—

"I will join Mrs. Prescott now, and leave you and Mr. Truscott to finish your business."

"Mr. Despard is a nephew of the late rector's, is he not?" Sir Stephen asked when Leo had left them.

Mr. Truscott gave a little laugh.

"I think you had best not be too particular about his family history, Sir Stephen, for, strange to say, no one knows anything more about that young man's origin than you do yourself. All sorts of stories have been reported, but nothing substantiated. I once took it upon myself to say something to the rector, but he took it in bad part."

"He told my mother that he was old Mr. Despard's brother's son."

"Nothing of the sort. He may say so to you, Sir Stephen, but that won't do here. Why, the rector himself never said that; he spoke of him as a friend's son, and when he got about fourteen, and was sent to the classical school at Dockmouth, the old gentleman entered him under his own name, and only from that time was he called Despard. His brother's son!" repeated Mr. Truscott derisively, "I dare say, if Mrs. Prescott had charged her memory, she could have told him that he was drawing the long bow there, for old Mr. Despard was known to your mother, Sir Stephen."

"Not to my mother; he was a friend of my uncle's. My mother never knew him."

"But at one time she used to write to him."

"Ah, perhaps so; that was when she gave him the living."

"And long after that," said Mr. Truscott, with a positive shake of his head. "Why, let me see, eight—yes, certainly not more than eight years ago, for it was the last time I saw the old man, I walked with him as far as Collins, the outfitter's, where he had left Master Leo being measured for his first suit of regimentals, and his business with me was to get your address, that he might write to Mrs. Prescott. That was only a little before his death; and when Mrs. Prescott wrote and said you wished that the living should be given to some one who was a native of the place or about these parts, my eye fell on Mr. Jago at once."

"He had been doing the duty?"

"Oh, dear, no."

"But he was Mr. Despard's curate?"

"Bless your heart, Sir Stephen, no—nothing of the kind!" and Mr. Truscott laughed complacently to think how much information he was able to impart. "Mr. Despard never had, nor wanted, a curate. Mr. Jago was doing duty at St. Winnols, and when I rode over to sound him on the matter of the Combe living, you might have knocked him down with a feather."

"Oh, I've got hold of the wrong end of the story, it seems," Sir Stephen said, passing the decanter.

"No more, Sir Stephen. No, I never exceed my third glass—*quantum suf*, sir, that is my maxim. Certainly, I am ready, if you are."

"I want to speak to you, mother," Sir Stephen said, after Mrs. Labouchere had left them the same night. Closing the door, he continued, "I want you to tell me what was the connection between Mr. Despard and our family."

"Connection, Stephen!" Mrs. Prescott stammered, while her face changed under her son's scrutiny.

"Yes; there is some mystery in all this—what is it, mother? I must insist upon knowing."

"Really, Stephen, you are speaking to me in a most extraordinary manner. I do not understand what you mean," for Mrs. Prescott's presence of mind had returned. "Once for all, I never saw old Mr. Despard, neither did I know anything about him."

"You never heard from him, or wrote to him?"

"I write to him, Stephen?"

"Yes, mother. I can see you are trying to hide something from me," he exclaimed impatiently; "what it is I do not know, but from something I have heard from Miss Despard, unless you choose to be explicit with me, I shall see her to-morrow, and from her have a full explanation."

Something like a groan escaped Mrs. Prescott. Starting up, she said hurriedly, "No, Stephen—you must not, shall not go—it would kill me. I will tell you what there is to tell. There is no mystery," and she sank into a chair as if overcome by her agitation. "This young man is—"

"Who?" exclaimed Sir Stephen, scared by her emotion.

"Your—your—" but in spite of her efforts the rest of the sentence died away, and Sir Stephen saw that she had fainted.

From Chambers' Journal.

CLEANLINESS *versus* GODLINESS.

WE know it for a fact that a very respectable schoolmistress once set all her pupils at work to look through the book of Proverbs for the text, "Cleanliness is next to godliness;" and she punished them because they did not find it. The young maidens could only have saved themselves by taking their Bibles to a printer and having the text inserted in the blank space at the end of the last chapter of the book of Proverbs. The worship of soap and water is a comparatively modern cult in Christendom. In the old pre-Christian religions, as now in Mohammedanism, washing was a religious duty; and divines have seen in the heathen lustrations and the bathings in holy rivers, a prophetic anticipation of the sacrament of baptism by the universal human consciousness. The apostle, indeed, speaks of having our "bodies washed with pure water;" but this was either referred by the Mystics to baptism, or explained away as purely symbolical of the inward cleansing of the Spirit. The rude hermits of the eastern church regarded the healthy human desire to be clean as a lust of the flesh proceeding out of the natural man. They called attention to the interior cleansing necessary to the whole race by a defiant disregard of exterior purity in their own persons, as of comparative unimportance. Their real doctrine was quickly developed into the implied doctrine that "Dirt is next to godliness," or that "Cleanliness is next to ungodliness." The majority of the Fathers of the Desert in the East, and a great company of the canonized saints of the West, may be described as holy and dirty. We do not insult their memories by coupling these qualities; none of them were ashamed of the conjunction, and many of them gloried in it.

The historian Eusebius has recorded a tradition that the Apostle James never used a bath. The assertion is most improbable, for not only were all the apostles strict Jews, but St. James, the Bishop of Jerusalem, could least of all have afforded to despise so sacred a Jewish habit as cleanliness, and he was the very apostle whose name was held in highest esteem by the judaizing party in the church. The reign of dirt in the church spread by degrees. St. Pachomius, and his brother, St. John (who were converted about the year 312), must have had some amount of cleanliness, for we

are told that they never changed their clothes except when they were under the necessity of washing them. Their contemporary, St. Ammon of Nitria, refused to wash himself, but it seems that it was rather from a modest dread of seeing himself without his clothes than from a positive passion for dirt. St. Hilarion, however, who lived in the same age, developed the cultus of dirt; for he never changed any coat until it was worn out, and never washed the sackcloth which he had once put on. The great St. Antony, as St. Athanasius tells us in his life of him, had never washed his feet up to extreme old age; he says that he was healthier than those who bathe themselves and often change their clothes. His disciples followed the example of their great ideal patriarch. St. Abraham of Edessa, another hermit of the fourth century, whose life was written by the famous Ephrem, left his wealth and his wife on the day of his marriage, and lived for fifty years, mostly in a cell two miles from the city, without once washing either his face or his feet.

The fourth century was undoubtedly the era of the religious apotheosis of dirt. We shall not so quickly condemn the dirty men who had so great an influence on the development of the church and of society, if we look at them in the light of their own day, instead of the light of ours. They tried honestly to separate themselves inwardly as well as outwardly from an immoral and pestiferous society, which lived in self-indulgence, and sought its pleasure in all sorts of interior filth. Bathing was rejected by them at the first, because the sensuous delight and pleasure it gave in a hot Egyptian or Syrian air, made it the perfection of bodily self-indulgence. The hermits had no quarrel with it because it made the outward flesh clean, but because it was there and then, quite as much as eating and drinking, one of the luxuries in which the flesh, which they had renounced at baptism, took the greatest delight. Attendance at the public paths—which, together with the circuses, were the centres of worldly dissipation in the Romanized cities of East and West—was prohibited to all Christians by repeated canonical legislation.

It is certain that at the first the public baths were freely used by the Christians. We have a witness in the very early legend which tells us that the Apostle John fled from a certain bath because the heresiarch Corinthus was there, and he

would not remain under the same roof. The story, indeed, is self-contradictory; it is not unlike the John who wanted to call down fire from heaven to burn the Samaritans, but totally unlike the John who was at the same time writing a Gospel and Epistles breathing charity to every creature. The so-called *Apostolical Constitutions* (Books I. c. 9) not only forbid women to bathe with men, but they further advise Christian women "not to bathe without occasion, nor often, nor in the middle of the day, nor, if possible, every day." The Council of Laodicea (whose date is uncertain), in its thirtieth canon, prohibits all clerics, ascetics, and every male Christian, from washing in the same baths as women. The synod adds that this habit is considered reproachful even by the pagans. The best Roman emperors, indeed, had made laws against it, and it may be recollected that Cicero speaks warmly against its evils in his *De Officiis*. The council "in Trullo" renewed this canon as its own seventy-seventh canon, in the year 692, ordering the degradation of every cleric, and the excommunication of every layman, who dared to violate it. It is certain, from many references throughout the sermons of the great doctors and lives of the saints, between the fourth and seventh centuries, that the public baths were used by the Christians generally, although the greatest number of the professed ascetics rigorously abstained, as St. Epiphanius says in his *Panarion*, from either public or private bathing. Theodoret gives a story of the Arian Bishop Eunomius, which belongs to the same epoch as the *Panarion*. Eunomius was so unpopular with the Christian majority in Samosata, who were nearly all Catholics, that scarcely any Christian of repute or social standing would go to church. One day, when he was in the baths, he saw that many persons stood waiting without. He seems to have fancied that they refrained from bathing at the same time out of respect to his august office, for he kindly told his servants to bid them enter freely and bathe with him. They still continued to stand silently at the edge, as if waiting; and he, out of consideration—still thinking their respect withheld them—hastily left the water. The Christians, however, refused to enter until all the water had been withdrawn, and the bath refilled, fearing that their bodies might be polluted with his heresy if they used the water in which he had bathed

himself. A century later, St. Gaudentius of Brescia, in one of his sermons advising Christians to sanctify all their actions with the sign of the cross, tells them to use it also "at the bath when you come in, and when you go out."

When the monks, in later times, studied the lives of the early solitaries of the fourth century, they were shocked at the discovery of their own declension from primitive dirt and purity. "Our fathers," says the Abbot Alexander, "never washed their faces, but we frequent the public baths." Mr. Lecky quotes from *The Spiritual Meadow* the significant story of Abbot Theodosius. At his urgent prayer, God once suddenly opened a stream; as soon as his monks began to use it, not for drinking only, but for washing, the stream miraculously dried up. They had dug a pit in which to bathe themselves. As soon as they had filled up this incentive to luxury, the water again flowed. It was the luxury of the act which they feared. Could any one have convinced these simple men that washing is as necessary to bodily soundness as drinking is, the legend would not have recorded the drying up of the water the moment they began to dig a bath.

The only persons to whom bathing was actually prohibited by the legislation of the early church were the penitents and the catechumens. The penitents were ordered to refrain from the bath until the day of the absolution and restoration: their bodily uncleanness was to remain upon them as a symbol and reminder of their spiritual uncleanness. The catechumens who were under preparation for baptism at Easter were obliged to abstain from the bath throughout Lent, until the day on which the Saviour washed the feet of his apostles, Maundy-Thurs day. This had become a fixed custom in the beginning of the fifth century, for the reason of it was one of those series of questions put by Januarius to St. Augustine, to which the great African gave those answers, so full of liberality and of common-sense, which compose his two long epistles *Ad Januarium* (54 and 55). "You ask me," he writes, "whence originated the custom of using the bath on that day. When I think over it, nothing occurs to me as more probable than that it was intended to avoid that offence to decency which must be given at the baptismal font, if the bodies of those to whom it, as sacrament, is to be administered, are not cleansed on some preceding day from the uncleanness they have con-

tracted through their long abstinence from washings during Lent. And this once granted to those who are about to receive baptism, others desired to join them in the luxury of a bath."

When the lives of the Fathers of the Desert were rendered into Latin, and studied in the western nations, the western character offered some amount of opposition to the dirty element in the example of the hermits. In the beginning of the sixth century, St. Cæsarius of Arles, who had been educated in that centre of Gallican intelligence (and as M. Michelet will have it of Gallican rationalism), the splendid monastery of Lerins, where he had nearly destroyed himself by ascetic austerity, drew up two rules, one for monks, and the other for virgins. He had himself in his life founded two nunneries, and placed his own sister Cæsaria over the convent at Arles as first abbess. In his eleventh regulation for her nuns, he so far modifies the savage oriental example as to order that the nuns shall never use bathing "unless it is prescribed by the physician." In the end of the ninth century, Reculfus, Bishop of Soissons, included cleanliness amongst the duties he commended to his clergy in his *Instructions*. The fourth section begins with the quotation from Isaiah: "Be ye clean, that bear the vessels of the Lord" (Isaiah lii. 11). Reculfus goes on to say: "You must not suppose that this refers only to the cleansing of the chalice and paten, wherein the body and blood of Christ are consecrated; it refers also to personal cleanliness. We have a frail vessel, that is, our body, which we ought always to keep clean with the most scrupulous care." By the eleventh century, the difference between the refined and aristocratic Benedictine of the West and the fathers of monasticism in the East had become as wide as the difference between a gentleman and a mudlark in modern London in regard to bodily cleanliness. The monk William of Malmesbury evidently shrunk from personal uncleanness with the horror of any modern historian; in his catalogue of the different home delights and home occupations which each nation had to leave behind to join other nations in the Crusades, while saying that the Welsh left their hunting, and the Danes their drinking, he characterizes the Scots as "leaving their fellowship with lice." We should have thought the fellowship was not so easily broken; but it is curious that not long after, this kind of fellowship was still

taken as one sign of saintship when discovered upon the dead body of a martyr. It seems that the East has been as conservative in the early cult of dirt as in so many other things. In a list of the sins of everyday life laid down for the Christians in Bulgaria, according to Messrs. St. Clair and Brophy, the fourth article, as late as 1869, still stood thus: "It is a sin to wash a child before he has come to the age of reason." The canonical age of reason is seven. The Bulgarian child has a bath of salt at his birth, but no other bath at all until seven years after. With the female Christian it seems to be even worse. The bride, on the Friday before her marriage, takes "for the first and the last time in her life" a complete bath; her two bridesmaids may look on, but may not share in the ablution. Although until the seventh year a child may not be touched with water, the washing of face, hands, and feet is permitted after that period. The cleansing of the whole body, however, is regarded as a great sin either for male or female, with the single exception of the bride-elect. Possibly the dirty habit is connected with some dread of washing away baptism. However, it is plain that in this case dirt must be considered as "next to godliness." All desire to be clean must still be reckoned by men and women now living, as by the ancient hermits in the Thebaid, as a lust of the flesh. According to the universal experience of mothers and nurses in the western nations, expressed in so many nursery rhymes and tales and pictures, the very reverse is true. They tell us, and perhaps our own young recollections sanction their assertion, that a desire to remain dirty, a hatred of the bother and the pain of being cleansed, is an instinct of the natural man which reappears in each of the species from the day he feels the smart of soap and water or the rough pressure of a towel. "The little birds never cry!" said the perplexed nurse to her screaming charge. "Because they are never washed," the natural foe of soap incontinently and wittily replied.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

TRADITIONS OF STERNE AND BUNYAN.

STERNE and Bunyan! Two names more widely apart—two men of genius more unlike in character and life—we can scarcely find in our whole world of reading. Even in Dialogues of the Dead,

they would hardly tolerate each other. If we allowed such ghosts to meet, the clerical wit and worldling would certainly throw some wild jests at the Baptist fanatic; and we can imagine the grave Pilgrim looking thunder-clouds at the Reverend Mr. Levity of Vanity Fair. I will quickly explain why I have, to the amazement of the reader, placed these two names together. I can show Sterne in the act of sketching character close to my village, and it so happens that traditional footsteps of John Bunyan may be found in the same locality, and the circumstance brings the two men—the two writers—before me with strange, intense reality.

Yorick is still, and evermore, "the keen observer, the arch humorist;" the master of pathos, the magician of the pen. More than a hundred years have rolled away since he breathed his last in the Bond Street lodging. Yet only the other day—on the 18th of June, 1870—the world welcomed some vague account of his wife and daughter, two ladies who have left but faint traces of their existence in a little French town. Think what we will of the man, the fascination of the artist is living now, a century after his death. No apology is needed when I offer new facts about Laurence Sterne and his Uncle Toby—facts which show us the very spot where the great humourist made his outlines from real life.

Twenty years ago, the possessor of a romantic imagination might have been greatly delighted by a visit to Preston Castle, near the village of Preston, in Hertfordshire. This old country-house was then unoccupied, and standing, forsaken and dilapidated, in the midst of its still beautiful gardens. A narrow lane, running south from Preston, led you to a simple lodge. You then passed through meadows, well fenced with hawthorn and holly, to the north front of the house. Over a low, strong hedge of sweetbriar, you saw a massive grey porch, a little overhung with Virginia creeper; venerable casements looking out on the broad carriage-road which led to the hall-door, and a circle of flower-beds with a central sun-dial. Wide walks, fair lawns, huge ever-greens, each one a kingdom of leaves, met the eye as you entered the gates. Well do I remember those grounds, and the wood of pines and chestnuts at the end of them! In the gardens, one saw everywhere a happy blending of modern art with the dear, old, stately formality of other days. But

the house had suffered loss at the hands of some individual who had preferred convenience to the charms of antiquity; and had been still more injured by another, who had given a castellated front to a pile half manorial, half Georgian. Preston Castle, when I remember it, stood silent and forsaken, a fit haunt for the ghosts of my childish imagination. The ancient hall, and many chambers centuries old, were on the north side; on the south were the Georgian rooms. Even there, one's footsteps echoed strangely, and the mid-day sun, passing into them through an outer blind of sweet roses, starry jasmins, and climbing creepers, could not lighten the gloom within. The sight of the mildewed walls, the faded, falling papers, the blank, deserted hearth, would have saddened any heart but that of a child, full of "life, and whim, and *gaieté de cœur*." What story have I to tell of this ghostly place? Not the story of many a pleasant summer afternoon spent there with those who have departed hence. It is the story of Uncle Toby—the Uncle Toby of real life; one which I heard from lips now silent, and which I know to be true.

In the days of Laurence Sterne, the owner of Preston Castle was a certain Captain Hinde, who was at once the old soldier and the country gentleman. My father, who lived near the village of Preston, was told by the late Lord Dacre, of The Hoo, in Hertfordshire, that this Captain Hinde "was Sterne's Uncle Toby." Much interested, my father asked many questions, and ascertained that the fact was well known to the Lord Dacre of the "Tristram Shandy" period, and had been transmitted in the Dacre family from father to son. His lordship added, that a very old man named Pilgrim, who had spent his young days in the service of Captain Hinde, might be found some few miles from The Hoo, and that he would be able to give certainty and interest to the story from his early recollections. My father sought an interview with Pilgrim, the venerable patriarch of a lonely little village, and in the course of a long conversation gathered evidence which clearly traced my Uncle Toby to a real-life residence at Preston Castle. I will give the most striking part of this evidence as it was handed down to me. Some of its details have been lost in the lapse of years, but I have added nothing to the facts retained by my memory.

Pilgrim, in his youth, had an uncle

who was butler at The Hoo, some five miles from Preston. This uncle well remembered the famous Mr. Sterne as one of Lord Dacre's visitors, and once heard him conversing with his noble host about "Tristram Shandy."

"And how could you imagine such a character as my Uncle Toby?" asked Lord Dacre.

"It was drawn from life," said Mr. Sterne. "It is the portrait of your lordship's neighbour, Captain Hinde."

And the odd book, which amused, amused, and delighted the great world so long ago, and the name of which is still so familiar, was vividly called to remembrance by much that Pilgrim told of the sayings and doings of his old master. Eccentric—full of military habits and recollections—simple-hearted, benevolent, and tenderly kind to the dumb creatures of the earth and air, Captain Hinde was a veritable Uncle Toby. He gave the embattled front to his house—the labourers on his land were called from the harvest-field by notes of the bugle, and a battery was placed at the end of his garden. The animated old soldier, who was delighted to talk of battles and sieges, was full of the most extraordinary love for all living things. Finding that a bullfinch had built her nest in the garden-hedge, close to his battery, he specially ordered his men not to fire the guns until the little birds had flown. To fire these guns was his frequent amusement, but he would not allow a sound to disturb the feathered family. This and other anecdotes greatly pleased my father. They reminded him of the generous heart which gave even the poor house-fly life from its boundless wealth of feeling. In short, Uncle Toby stood before him—clearly and forcibly drawn by a poor old villager. No reasonable mind could throw any doubt on the curious tale so strangely saved from oblivion.

Preston Castle is now numbered with the things that have been and are not. It was pulled down many years ago, and its picturesque gardens and luxuriant shrubberies were turned into common meadow ground. All the sons and daughters of Captain Hinde have passed away, and a rural memorial points out their last resting-place in the parish church of Hitchin. A few old cottagers still talk of their benevolence and eccentricity. An Irish tramp, who died in Hitchin workhouse, spoke of them with lively respect and gratitude. I have never for-

gotten that woman's look, as she mentioned their names. "Something of blessing and of prayer" might be seen in her dark violet eyes, as, glancing upwards, she said—

"They was the rale, ould gintry, dear, was the Hindes! They was a Govermint family. . . . There's the world's differ between them and the new people about. . . . And don't I remimber poor Mrs. W—, almost the last of them—the blessed lady—the rale gintlewoman? SURE she's opened the gates of heaven for herself by all she did for us poor crathurs. . . . RIST HER SOWL IN GLORY!"—This was the last honour paid to the Hindes. They certainly inherited the kind, generous virtues of Uncle Toby—good gifts which can make the most whimsical peculiarities dear to us.

I will now venture to glance at the conjectures of those who have sought to find originals for the Tristram gallery. Let Thackeray speak first: "The most picturesque and delightful parts of Sterne's writings we owe to his recollections of the military life. Trim's montero cap, and Le Fèvre's sword, and dear Uncle Toby's roquelaure, are doubtless reminiscences of the boy who had lived with the followers of William and Marlborough, and had beat time with his little feet to the fifes of Ramillies in Dublin barrack-yard, or played with the torn flags and halberds of Malplaquet on the parade-ground at Clonmel." Twice Thackeray gave us his "Lectures on the English Humourists," from which this passage is taken. Mr. Percy Fitzgerald has published a biography of Sterne, containing much information never before collected. This biography has done good service to the memory of the Shandean hero who was at once the admiration and the scandal of his day. In vain does Thackeray pass sentence in immortal words of brilliant satire and severity. We read Mr. Fitzgerald's two volumes, and feel a kindness for the strange, wayward genius whose worst faults were encouraged by his age. We follow Yorick through his years of provincial obscurity to his London carnival of flattery and feasting. We see the gay, wicked world doing its best to spoil the little good in that sentimental heart—to stimulate that erratic humour to wilder and wilder flights of folly and irreverence. And then we think with painful pity of the death-bed in the Bond Street lodging-house. There the prince of jesters and sentimentalists died slowly, without the

sympathy of wife, daughter, or friend — with only a hired nurse and a footman beside — personifications of indifference and curiosity. Perhaps in that last scene the poor player would willingly have exchanged lives and deaths with some faithful, simple, boorish Yorkshire Curate! In the fourth chapter of Mr. Fitzgerald's first volume, Ensign Roger Sterne, father of Laurence Sterne, is introduced to us as the prototype of Uncle Toby. The chapter opens with an abstract from the memorandum of family history given by the great humourist to his daughter Lydia: — "My father was a smart little man — active to the last degree in all exercises — most patient of fatigue and disappointments, of which it had pleased God to give him full measure. He was in his temper somewhat rapid and hasty, but of a kindly, sweet disposition; void of all designs, and so innocent in his own intentions that he suspected no one; so that you might have cheated him ten times a day if nine had not been sufficient for your purpose."

Mr. Fitzgerald asks: "Can anyone doubt but that this genial and spirited little sketch, which seems to overflow with a tender yearning and affection, is the original design for that larger canvas from which stands out the richly-coloured, firmly-painted, and exquisitely-finished figure of Uncle Toby? . . . It requires no great penetration to guess that the same gentle images must have been rising before him while he sat at his desk in his Sutton vicarage, suffusing his eyes and softening his heart, as he thus filled in the portrait of the brave officer who had also served in the Flanders wars: — 'My Uncle Toby was a man patient of injuries, not from want of courage. I know no man under whose arm I would sooner have taken shelter. Nor did this arise from any obtuseness or insensibility of his intellectual parts. But he was of a peaceful, placid nature, no jarring elements in it; all was mixed up so kindly within him; my Uncle Toby had scarce heart to retaliate on a fly.' Then follows the famous incident of the fly, and its subsequent happy discharge into that world which was wide enough both for itself and its captor. Contrasting the two brothers, he says that Mr. Shandy was quite the opposite of his brother 'in this *patient endurance of wrongs*.' . . . He was *ten years old*, Tristram writes, when the fly adventure happened, which might indeed have been a little incident in Ensign Sterne's life;

for it is very consistent with his 'kindly, sweet disposition, void of all design.' But my Uncle Toby, with all this gentleness, could yet rouse himself when the occasion called for a necessary display of temper; and thus he was always in the habit of calling the Corporal 'Trim,' excepting when he happened to be *very angry* with him."

"Putting this picture beside the original," continues the biographer, "we see that Ensign Roger Sterne, with 'that kindly, sweet disposition, void of all design' (words which in themselves come sweetly and melodiously off the lips), could nevertheless be in his 'temper somewhat rapid and hasty.' . . . It breaks out, does this likeness, in innumerable little touches — hints, rather, and delicate shadowings. . . . Like the famous Sir Roger, of Addison's make, this figure of my Uncle Toby, starting somewhat mistily, fills in as it goes, with a wonderful clearness and brilliancy. He scarcely knew at the outset how it would grow under his hands."

I feel sure that these conjectures convey a measure of truth. But they do not in the least set aside the Dacre tradition. "The scenery and costume of Queen Anne's wars" — "the Ramillie wig," "the blue and gold suit laid by in the great campaign trunk, and which was magnificently laced down the sides in the mode of *King William's* reign" — "the wonderful scarlet roquelaure in which Captain Shandy mounted guard in the trenches before the gates of St. Nicholas" — all these things had most likely been long treasured in Sterne's memory before he sat down to write the first page of his "Tristram." A clever *littérateur* would know how to make good use of the recollections of his childhood, vague as they might be, and to blend them with studies of character made at a later time of life.

The reader will now stand with me at the old gates of Preston Castle. At the southern side of those broad meadows we can rebuild, in fancy, the quaint, embattled residence. And we may see a tall, thin, strange figure passing out into the narrow lane, hedged with hawthorn and holly. It is Yorick going back to The Hoo. Those sly, comic features which Lavater speaks of — the expressive features of "the arch, satirical Sterne" — wear a look of triumphant humour. He has just made a sketch of Captain Hinde, and feels that it will be his masterpiece. The work will be true to na-

ture, but he will finish it with the thousand graceful touches of his unique pencil, and give it the rich costume and colour of the bygone days of Marlborough. The bright eyes of Yorick's pale face grow brighter with the inspiration of genius, and he rides away in his gayest mood, certain to be more brilliant than ever at Lord Dacre's.

We who thus dreamily stared at the Preston gates, and call up the shadows of Laurence Sterne and Captain Hinde, may, in a moment, cast behind us another hundred years. We shall then see close to us a marvellous man, whose face and figure, homely though they be, are yet touched by the rays from the Celestial City. Within a few hundred yards of those gates, and in the midst of a thick wood which borders the Castle meadows, is a green space called "Bunyan's Dell." In this hollow in the wilderness a thousand people would once assemble to listen to their Baptist—the inspired Tinker of Bedford. A Protestant may admire Ignatius Loyola, or the gentle St. Francis, and the most severe Churchman must give due honour to the memory of John Bunyan—the saint-errant of Dissent. Any one who reads his life may see that he lived through his own spiritual romance. Surrounded by the wild passions and blind bigotry of the seventeenth century, "his pure and powerful mind" fought a good fight with Apollyon, passed with trembling anguish through the Valley of the Shadow of Death, and escaped serene and blameless from Vanity Fair. No doubt the "Meeters" who came to the Preston wood to hear Bunyan's rousing and searching sermons understood very well that he was the Christian hero of his "Pilgrim's Progress." Living in Hertfordshire, from sixteen to twenty miles from Bedford, they would probably know much of his history. A prisoner for Nonconformity and illegal preaching, Bunyan had spent twelve weary years in Bedford gaol. Though not shut up in the Venetian *pozzi*, he must have suffered severely in his dull, dark, damp chamber, built over the river. There, with only two books—the Bible and "Foxe's Book of Martyrs"—he gave himself up to studies more absorbing than those which endeared the "Martin Tower" to the "Wizard Earl of Northumberland." And there he resolved to remain "until the moss grew on his eyebrows" rather than promise not to preach. At length Dr. Barlowe, afterwards Bishop of Lincoln, is said to have obtained his unconditional

release. All honor to the wise, kind Churchman! Wise and kind people, having read the "Pilgrim's Progress," felt that the writer had heart and intellect for a broad Catholic faith, and that nothing would narrow him into a mischievous sectarian. So he left the dismal old gaol on Bedford Bridge, and went out into the world as a preacher. It was probably some time after this release in 1671 that Bishop Bunyan, as he was popularly called, made Hertfordshire part of his diocese. Justices and constables paid tribute to his character by allowing him to preach in several counties. But as the times were full of danger, he was often obliged to travel in disguise, and the people of his pastorate met during the night, and in places from which they might easily escape. One such place was found in Preston Wood, three miles from Hitchin. When we look at "Bunyan's Dell" we can see the midnight "Meeters," and their preacher. The dense thicket of trees around—the starry sky—the multitude of enthusiasts half buried in shadow—this is a scene to inspire John Bunyan with the best of "his powerful and piercing words." Such words, though drawn from the common language of tinker and peasant, can work wonders. We feel that they would probably make a more lasting impression than any one of the Reverend Mr. Yorick's "dramatic sermons," preached before judge, ambassador, or king. Like Dante, Bunyan is able to produce a sublime effect and a strong sense of reality by a few bold, abrupt touches. He has come, like the great Florentine, from *la valle d'abisso doloroso*, and he tells of its horrors with the vivid brevity of intense feeling. Let me read a passage from his "Sermons on the Greatness of the Soul:"—

"Once I dreamed that I saw two persons whom I knew in hell; and methought I saw a continual dropping, as of great drops of fire, lighting upon them in their sore distress. Oh, words are wanting—thoughts are wanting—imagination and fancy are poor things here! Hell is another place than any alive can think."

This is truly Dantesque. But Bunyan devoted his Dantesque genius to the loving purpose of an Evangelist.

Shall we contrast the "glorious dreamer" with the historian of the Shandys?—the grave, devout pilgrim, with the gay trifler who made the Sentimental Journey? Let us not contrast—nor judge—nor moralize. Many of us have a library in which we receive a

large company of illustrious men and women. If we have known them from childhood, as dear, familiar friends, we shall think of them in their best moments, and regard them with unfailing charity. If we possess the least trifle which belongs to the life or literary history of any one of them, we shall value it as a priceless treasure. In this spirit, I delight to find the tradition of Bunyan's Dell, and to rescue from the darkness and dust of years, the curious old portrait of Captain Hinde — Sterne's Uncle Toby.

From The Spectator.

STATION AMUSEMENTS IN NEW ZEALAND.*

No book of all the multitude that have been written about colonial life, made people in England understand it so well as Lady Barker's *Station Life in New Zealand*. It told them exactly the things which they wanted to know, in the pleasantest, brightest, cheeriest way; it made the interests, the occupations, the anxieties, the resources of the distant island colony as real as our own, and as near as the next street, and it fixed attention upon two persons as effectually as any novel could do. Who does not remember the great snowstorm of 1867, as Lady Barker has told the story of it? — taking us with her through every phase, from surprise at the persistency of the snowflakes, to the despair of the great white burial, the famine within the house, the ruin without, and the terrible revelation of destruction among the "mobs" of starved and smothered sheep. The occupations and interests of the successive seasons, the healthful exercise, the beautiful climate, in spite of its high winds and the calamity of the snow, the constant business without overwork, the charm and refinement of the home picture which Lady Barker painted so delicately, so simply, set the book apart from all preceding colonial books, and made New Zealand decidedly the favourite among the colonies in popular imagination.

Since the author's return to England she has been frequently asked, "How did you amuse yourself up at the station?" Her present work is a compre-

hensive answer to the general question, an account of the simple pleasures which "were composed of a solid layer of usefulness underneath the froth of fun and frolic," and which might indeed be classed under the head of play rather than work. In that probably lay the secret of the amusingness of these amusements; they are so real, and so reasonable. Boredom seems to be an unknown element in lives of this kind, and animal spirits, the power of enjoying, to be always present, and predominant over all care, anxiety, and vexation. If Lady Barker had not included among station *Amusements* the story of how they bought "a run," which turned out a hopeless loss to them, and was a disgraceful swindle on the part of the person who sold the run, we should have thought it out of place; but she laughs at it so heartily, she describes their great expectations, the alacrity with which they set off to inspect their new property, the difficulties at once dangerous and absurd which they encountered, the utter impossibility of doing anything with the Lake-Wanaka run when they got there, with such drollery, that it is impossible not to laugh at a robbery which the victims make so amusing. The whole scene of the purchase is admirably humorous, as good as the interview between Martin Chuzzlewit and Scadder in the Eden Land Office at New York; with Lady Barker in the background, delighted when her husband's use of "that sociable little word 'we,'" in his proposal to "go up to the run, and look round it," revealed to her that she was to go too, though she adds, she had prudently concealed from the company that she had ever had any misgivings on that point: —

"That won't do at all, my dear fellow," said the owner of the run; "I am going to England by the next mail steamer, which you know sails next week, and the reason I am literally giving away my property is that I don't want any suspense or bother. Take it or leave it, just as you like. There's Wilkinson, and Fairwright, and a lot of others all clamouring for the refusal of it, and I've only waited to see if you really wanted it before closing with Fairwright. He is walking about with a cheque all ready filled up in his pocket, and only begging and praying me to let him have the run on my own terms. Why, you might be weatherbound or kept there for a month, and what shall I do then? No, it's all just as I've told you, and you can call it your own tomorrow, but I can't possibly wait for you to go and look at it." No words of mine can give any idea of the tone of scorn in which our guest

* *Station Amusements in New Zealand*. By Lady Barker, Author of "Station Life in New Zealand," "Stories About," "Ribbon Stories," &c. London: William Hunt & Co.

pronounced these last three words; as if looking at an intended purchase was at once the meanest and most absurd thing in the world. F— seemed half ashamed of himself for his proposal, but still he urged that he never liked to take a leap in the dark, backing up his opinion by several world-revered adages. — “That’s all very fine,” chimed in our precious business adviser, “but this transaction can hardly be said to be in the dark; here are the plans and the Government lease and the transfer deeds, all regular and ready.” With this he produced the plans, and it was all up with us. Who does not know the peculiar *smell* of tracing-paper, with its suggestions of ownership? When these fresh and crackling drawings were opened before us, they resembled nothing so much as a veritable paradise. There shone the lake—a brilliant patch of cobalt blue—bordered by outlines of vivid green pasture and belts of timber. Here and there, on the outskirts, we read the words, “proposed townships,” “building lots,” “probable gold-fields,” “saw-mills.” F— laid his hand down over a large wash of light-green paint and asked, “Now, what sort of country is this; really and truly, you know?” “First-class sheep country, I give you my word,” replied the owner, eagerly; “only wants to be stocked for a year or two.”

Nothing but Scadder’s toothpick is wanting to the picture! The journey to Lake Wanaka, and what that desirable property looked in reality, form perhaps the most amusing portion of the book. Its new owners must have rather envied Mr. Fairwright, who was still walking about with his cheque in his pocket. A picnic in the bush, with materials for dinner and tea carried on one’s saddle-bow, must be one of the pleasantest things in the world. Lady Barker makes one feel the elation, the delight of the beautiful scenery, of the wooded cliffs, the exquisite shrubs, the ferns such as we cannot at all realize, the bush-covered mountains rising to the steep, naked cliffs, which stand out from the glacier region of the range that forms the backbone of the beautiful middle island; and then she tells how vain it would be to try to convey an idea of the atmosphere around, quivering in a summer haze in the valley beneath, and stirred to the faintest summer wind-sighs as it moved among the pines and bushes overhead. “Its lightness was its most striking peculiarity. You felt as if your lungs could never weary of inhaling deep breaths of such an air; warm without oppression, cool without a chill. I can find nothing but paradoxes to describe it. One’s muscles might get tired, and need rest, but the usual depression and weariness

attending over-exertion could not exist in such an atmosphere. One felt like a happy child, pleased at nothing, content to exist where existence was a pleasure.” Even the north-westerly gales, which blow with such tremendous force that neither man nor beast can face them, are no more than trifling drawbacks to such a climate as this, for they are always succeeded by delicious rain and sparkling weather. Sport is scarce—indeed, in the strict sense of the word, it does not exist—but Lady Barker tells some capital stories of pig-stalking, and gives us a delightful account of how they went eel-fishing, and how the preparations were in themselves alarming, because the first enemies to be overcome were “Spaniards” and “Wild Irishmen.” The first name is given to an extraordinary vegetable production, “like a gigantic artichoke, with slender instead of broad leaves, set round in dense, compact order.” As these formidable creatures are from four to six feet in circumference, and usually two feet high, as their leaves are as firm as bayonets, and taper to the fineness of a needle, drawing blood at the least touch, it is not surprising that a fall *into* a Spaniard is to be avoided with all possible care. The “Wild Irishman” is a straggling, sturdy bramble, which grows among the Spaniards in clumps, ready to catch and scratch you if you avoid his neighbours. How they did not escape either, how she sat for hours with Nettle, her dog, in intense darkness, and silence as deep, and warned by the gentlemen that “the eels are all eyes and ears at this hour; they can almost hear you breathe”; how they all got cross, and cold, and sleepy; and how, when I returned, and asked, “How many have you caught?” she replied, “None, I am happy to say; what could Nettle and I have done with the horrible things, if we had caught any?” and the terrors of the return, are told in a chapter full of the pleasantest humour. On the subject of domestic grievances Lady Barker is delightful; she must have been the Mark Tapley of “station” life, making everything easy and pleasant to everyone, and extracting fun from everything. If anybody could get sunbeams out of cucumbers, it certainly must be the lady who tells us about the “Swaggers,” about bullock sledges, about the natural *Montagne Russe*, and F—’s new patent sledge, on which she consented to become a “passenger;” about her amateur servants, in particular one Captain George, a gallant

young ex-dragon, who had gone out to New Zealand to try whether he could live on £120 a year, and who volunteered his services on a certain occasion when Lady Barker flattered herself she had made some very artful arrangements to provide the family with something to eat during the servants' absence. With what zest she tells the story of that week, and what an awful time she must have had of it, while the pigs were feasting on Captain George's failures—who used suddenly to cease to take any interest in his occupation, and seating himself sideways on the kitchen dresser, begin to whistle through a whole opera, or repeat pages of poetry—and the gentlemen fell on all her stores, and devoured them. One of the best chapters in the book contains some sketches of "servantgism" which are infinitely amusing. Lois and Euphemia, Lady Barker's maids, were discovered by her one morning sobbing in one another's arms. The kettle was singing, the sun was shining, everything was bright, snug, and comfortable:—

"What in the world has happened?" I gasped, really frightened. "Nothing, mem; it's only them sheep," sobbed Euphemia, "calling like. They always makes me cry."—"Is it possible you are crying about that?"—"Yes, mem, yes!" said Euphemia, in heart-broken accents, clasping Lois, who was howling, closer to her heart. "It's terrible to hear 'em. They keeps calling and answering each other, and that makes us think of our home and friends." Now both these girls had starved as factory-hands all their lives, and had certainly never seen a sheep until they came to New Zealand. "What nonsense!" I cried, half laughing and half angry. "You can't be in earnest. You must both be ill; let me give you each a good dose of medicine." I said this encouragingly, for there was nothing in the world Euphemia liked so much as good substantial physic, and the only thing I ever needed to keep locked up from her was the medicine drawer. Euphemia seemed touched and grateful, and her face brightened up directly, but Lois looked up with her frightful little face more ugly than usual, as she said spitefully, "Physic won't make them nasty sheep hold their tongues. I'm sure this isn't the place for me to find my luck, so I'd rather go, if you please, mem. I've prospected up every one of them gullies and never seen the colour yet, so it ain't any good my stopping."—"Why did you think you should find gold here?" I asked.—"Because they do say it lies in all these mountain streams," she answered, sullenly, "and I'm always dreaming of nuggets. Not that a girl with my face and figure wants 'dust' to set her off, however. But if it's all the same to you, mem, I'd rather leave when Euphemia does."—"Are you

going, then?" I inquired, turning to my pale-faced cook, who actually coloured a little as she answered, "Well, mem, you see, Moffat says he's got his window-frames in now, and he'll glass them the very first chance, and I think it'll be more company for me on Saddler's Flat. So, if you'll please to send me down in the dray, I should be obliged."

The successors of Euphemia and Lois are equally amusing, and the household troubles are all put in a ludicrous aspect, which robs them of their misery. Lady Barker is reticent upon the subject of the efforts which she made for the benefit of the people among whom she lived, and would evidently have told us still less about the Sunday meetings at her house, and her instruction of the shepherds and stockmen, if she had not been tempted into letting us get peeps at the oddities of character and manners which afforded so much entertainment to herself. Concerning animals she is a charming writer, full of sympathy and kindness for them, not only in a general way, but with the particular individual appreciation of their characters and manners which comes of understanding as well as loving them, and which affords scope to her sense of humour. This volume introduces us to several estimable dogs, to a monkey named Joey, whose acquaintance we should have much liked to cultivate; and to Kitty, a hen, whose history does her mistress great credit.

From The Spectator.

THE WARM FULL MOON.

POETS have so long sung of the cold, chaste Moon, pallid with weariness of her long watch upon the Earth (according to the image used alike by Wordsworth and Shelley), that it seems strange to learn from science that the full moon is so intensely hot that no creature known to us could long endure contact with her heated surface. Such is the latest news which science has brought us respecting our satellite. The news is not altogether unexpected; in fact, reasoning had shown, long before the fact had been demonstrated, that it must be so. The astronomer knows that the surface of the moon is exposed during the long lunar day, lasting a fortnight of our terrestrial time, to the rays of a sun as powerful as that which gives us our daily heat. Without an atmosphere to temper the sun's heat as ours does—not, in-

deed, by impeding the passage of the solar rays, but by bearing aloft the cloud-veil which the sun raises from our oceans—the moon's surface must become intensely hot long before the middle of the lunar day. Undoubtedly the want of an atmosphere causes the moon's heat to be rapidly radiated away into space. It is our atmosphere which causes a steady heat to prevail on our earth. And at the summits of lofty mountains, where the atmosphere is rare, although the mid-day heat is intense, yet so rapidly does the heat pass away that snow crowns for ever the mountain heights. Yet although the moon's heat must pass away even more rapidly, this does not prevent the heating of the moon's actual surface, any more than the rarity of the air prevents the Alpine traveller from feeling the action of the sun's direct heat even when the air in shadow is icily cold. Accordingly Sir John Herschel long since pointed out that the moon's surface must be heated at lunar mid-day—or rather, at the time of lunar mid-heat, corresponding to about two o'clock in our afternoon—to a degree probably surpassing the heat of boiling water.

Such, in point of fact, has now been proved to be the case. The Earl of Rosse has shown, by experiments which need not here be described, that the moon not only reflects heat to the earth (which of course must be the case), but that she gives out heat by which she has been herself warmed. The distinction may not perhaps appear clear at first sight to every reader, but it may easily be explained and illustrated. If, on a bright summer's day, we take a piece of smooth, but not too well polished, metal, and by means of it reflect the sun's light upon the face, a sensation of heat will be experienced; this is reflected sun-heat: but if we wait while so holding the metal until the plate has become quite hot under the solar rays, we shall recognize a sensation of heat from the mere proximity of the plate to the face, even when the plate is so held as not to reflect sun-heat. We can in succession try,—first, reflected heat alone, before the metal has grown hot; next, the heat which the metal gives out of itself when warmed by the sun's rays; and lastly, the two kinds of heat together, when the metal is caused to reflect sun-heat, and also (being held near the face) to give out a sensible quantity of its own warmth. What Lord Rosse has done has been to show that the full moon sends earthwards, both

kinds of heat; she reflects solar heat just as she reflects solar light, and she also gives out the heat by which her own surface has been warmed.

It may perhaps occur to the reader to inquire how much heat we actually obtain from the full moon. There is a simple way of viewing the matter. If the full moon were exactly as hot as boiling water, we should receive from her just as much heat (leaving the effect of our atmosphere out of account) as we should receive from a small globe as hot as boiling water, and at such a distance as to *look* just as large as the moon does. Or a disc of metal would serve equally well. Now the experiment may be easily tried. A bronze halfpenny is exactly one inch in diameter, and as the moon's average distance is about 111 times her own diameter, a half-penny at a distance of 111 inches, or three yards and three inches, looks just as large as the moon. Now let a halfpenny be put in boiling water for a while, so that it becomes as hot as the water; then that coin taken quickly and set three yards from the observer will give out, for the few moments that its heat remains appreciably that of boiling water, as much heat to the observer as he receives from the full moon supposed to be as hot as boiling water. Or a globe of thin metal, one inch in diameter and full of water at boiling-heat, would serve as a more constant artificial moon in respect of heat-supply. It need not be thought remarkable, then, if the heat given out by the full moon is not easily measured, or even recognized. Imagine how little the cold of a winter's day would be relieved by the presence, in a room no otherwise warmed, of a one-inch globe of boiling water, three yards away! And by the way, we are here reminded of an estimate by Prof. C. P. Smyth, resulting from observations made on the moon's heat during his Teneriffe experiments. He found the heat equal to that emitted by the hand at a distance of three feet.

But after all, the most interesting results flowing from the recent researches are those which relate to the moon herself. We cannot but speculate on the condition of a world so strangely circumstanced that a cold more bitter than that of our Arctic nights alternates with a heat exceeding that of boiling water. It is strange to think that the calm-looking moon is exposed to such extraordinary vicissitudes. There can scarcely be life in any part of the moon—unless it be

underground life, like that of the Modoc Indians (we commend this idea specially to the more ardent advocates of Brewsterian ideas respecting other worlds than ours). And yet there must be a singularly active mechanical process at work in yonder orb. The moon's substance must expand and contract marvellously as the alternate waves of heat and cold pass over it. The material of that crater-covered surface must be positively crumbling away under the effects of these expansions and contractions. The most plastic terrestrial substances could not long endure such processes, and it seems altogether unlikely that any part of the moon's crust is at all plastic. Can we wonder if from time to time astronomers tell us of apparent changes in the moon, — a wall sinking here or a crater vanishing elsewhere. The wonder rather is that the steep and lofty lunar mountains have not been shaken long since to their very foundations.

Our Moon presents, in fact, a strange problem for our investigation. It is gratifying to us terrestrials to regard her as a mere satellite of the earth, but in reality she deserves rather to be regarded as a companion planet. She follows a path round the sun which so nearly resembles that pursued by the earth, in shape as well as in extent, that if the two paths were traced down on a quarto sheet it would not be easy to distinguish one from the other. Our earth is simply the largest, while the moon is the smallest of that inner family over which the sun bears special sway, nor does Mercury exceed the Moon to so great a degree in mass and in volume as the earth or Venus exceeds Mercury. Yet the moon, with her surface of fourteen million square miles, seems to be beyond a doubt a mere desert waste, without air or water, exposed to alternations of heat and cold which no living creature we are acquainted with could endure; and notwithstanding her position as an important member of the solar system, as well as the undoubted fact that in her motion she obeys the sun in preference to the earth, she has nevertheless been so far coerced by the earth's influence as to be compelled to turn always the same face towards her larger companion orb, so that not a ray from the earth ever falls upon fully five millions of square miles of the farther lunar hemisphere. A waste of matter here, we might say, and a waste of all the energy which is represented by the moon's motions, did we not remember that we can

see but a little way into the plan of Creation, and that what appears to us waste may in reality be an essential and important part of the great scheme of Nature.

From The Liberal Review.
MAIDEN AUNTS.

It is the lot of some people to be regarded as lawful objects of plunder by the majority of those friends with whom they are brought in immediate contact. The typical maiden aunt is one of these unfortunate persons. Generally possessed of a little property, she is surrounded by a hungry clique, who not only try to get all they can out of her while she lives, but resort to numerous stratagems to induce her to leave them her money when she departs on the mysterious journey through the Valley of the Shadow of Death. However disagreeable may be her temper, however stagnant her intellect, and however mean her disposition, she is flattered and cajoled to such an extent that she may well be excused for believing that she is one of the most talented and estimable beings in the universe. There is reason to think that, like most people, she is only too ready to accept the show for the substance. Occasionally, however, she demonstrates that she detests the contemptible humbug of those who prostrate themselves before her, and she evidences that the knowledge — like many other possessions — does not make her at all the happier. It generates an acerbity of demeanour on her part towards those whose hypocrisy she fancies she detects, that whatever affection she may be regarded with is changed into a feeling akin to positive dislike. Sometimes she shows how she detests those who hunt her down by passing them over, and, to their immense chagrin, leaving all her money to a charity, of which the only thing she knows is its correct title. Thus, it may safely be said that the relations between the typical maiden aunt and her connections are not of the most satisfactory nature. Those who pay their court to her in the manner indicated feel angry with themselves all the time that they are so acting. The natural outcome of their repugnance of the proceeding is that, while extravagantly praising her before her face, they just as extravagantly abuse behind her back. Each little foible that she may happen to possess is criticised

in a most ill-natured manner, and it is plainly rendered evident that, were she not a moneyed body, she would be quickly relegated to a position which she is perhaps much more fitted to adorn than she is that which she occupies.

Generally, the conduct of the maiden aunt offers many openings for hostile criticism. Notably, she often affects a singularity of attire and an eccentricity of demeanour which are calculated to attract unfavourable notice. To those who feel compelled by the strongest of all motives, viz., that of self-interest, to ostentatiously recognize the maiden aunt and claim relationship with her, all this is apt to prove peculiarly aggravating. Young Spriggs, who is a bit of a dandy, feels mortified when any of his friends meet him with a woman who is either a complete dowdy or a dressed-up "guy," exhibiting fashions which are, alternately, greatly in advance and greatly in the rear of the age. Young Spriggs's position is not rendered more comfortable by an unflinching determination on his aunt's part to assert hers. It may be a grand thing for people to have convictions of their own, but it is on that account none the less unpleasant for those most nearly concerned to hear the maiden aunt defying contradiction and enunciating sentiments which make all those who hear them open their eyes very widely. It is one of her most strongly marked characteristics that she has persuaded herself that she has thought upon every subject, and come to correct conclusions thereon. Indeed, it may be said that she flatters herself that she knows more about almost every matter than does any living person. There is some excuse for this. Those who are brought into closest communication with her are careful to avoid contradicting her. They coincide with most of what she says, and, when disputes arise, give in to her "superior judgment." Thus she is unconsciously led to place greater importance upon her own talents and powers generally than, under ordinary circumstances, she might be induced to do. Upon the principle that despots crave for even more power than they possess, she grows tired of controlling those merely who voluntarily place themselves under her thumb and endeavours to dictate to all who cross her path.

The interference of the maiden aunt is not always a thing to be courted. She is apt to lose her temper if her suggestions be not acted upon. If young Spriggs

contemplates taking to himself a wife, she imagines that he should first procure her opinion upon the subject. If Miss Florry buy a mantle or a dress she is offended if her judgment is not consulted in the matter. And so on *ad libitum*. It is principally her nephews and nieces who are brought within the sphere of her influence. Almost, in many instances, from the day when they can understand articulate speech, the latter are instructed to pay court to their rich maiden aunt, in the hope that she will "do something for them." They are taught to put their likes and dislikes upon one side, and simulate affection, though they feel it not. The nieces are prompted to make many little trifles in the way of needle-work and embroidery, and to present them to her. The nephews are shown that it is to their interest to devote themselves chivalrously to her service and make a great pretence of courting her society. Whether all this leads to satisfactory results is more than doubtful. Certainly children are not improved by the spirit of humbug and hypocrisy being infused into them at an early age. Their moral characters must be greatly deteriorated by their being subjected to the treatment indicated. They are taught to believe that it is quite proper for them to advance themselves by other means than legitimate labour. Certainly it does not improve the maiden aunts, for they fail to see people as they really are. They are, moreover, denied that opposition and shielded from those rude rebuffs which tend to make men and women better than when they have everything their own way. Thus they become captious and impatient of the opinions of others. Of the morality of teaching young people to act towards the maiden aunt so as to receive pecuniary reward we say nothing. It would be simply impossible to write anything favourable. Of course, what we have printed does not apply in all cases, but it does in a very great many. This is cause for regret. Granted that this is a mercenary age, there should be some check put upon the pounds, shillings, and pence spirit. The typical maiden aunts should not be treated simply as objects from which so much may be drawn, nor should they be accorded a deference to which their intellectual and moral attainments do not entitle them, because they happen to possess a little money and have not many apparent ways of disposing of the same.

From Chambers' Journal.
THE POPE AT HOME.

At last the hour of eleven arrived, and we drove to the Vatican, where the famous Swiss Guard—lanky, ill-shaped men, it must be confessed, in yellow and black trousers, with long dark-blue coats—pointed out our way. Their hideous costume is said, of course, to have been designed by Michael Angelo; and an American traveller gave us the myth which has grown up round its origin. "I will tell you," he said, "the secret history of the uniform of the Swiss Guard. In early days the brave and famous Swiss Guards were not so sedulous in their attendance to duty as might have been expected. The soldiers of a pope are but men after all, and just as Knights-bridge Barracks are said to supply the British housemaid with many an Adonis, so when a Swiss had failed to answer to the roll-call, he was often found to have been detained by some trans-Tiberine Venus. Thereupon, Michael Angelo invented this uniform. It is considered to be the greatest triumph of his genius, and he vindicated its place among the foremost creations of art by the completeness with which it fulfills its purpose. Since this uniform was invented, no Swiss Guard has at any time excited the most transient feeling of admiration in any female breast." We reached on foot a great court-yard, to which the cardinals' carriages are admitted; and after some trouble in discovering the door, we found ourselves within the private dwelling of His Holiness. Our letter was inspected by a person who appeared to be His Holiness's butler, and we were ushered through several rooms into a splendid chamber hung with tapestry designed by Raphael. We talked a little to the officer of the guard who was waiting there, and who spoke nothing but Italian. A private soldier whom we afterwards addressed knew no language except German, and it became matter of wonderment to us how the corps could understand the orders of its commanders. After this, Monsignor Stonor came, and, learning that we were Englishmen, entertained us with a few minutes' conversation; then half a dozen other visitors entered the room, some bearing crucifixes and rosaries which were to receive the pope's benediction. A little after

twelve there was a stir; some one collected from us our invitations, which were not again returned; a throng of velvet-clad prelates appeared at the door; then at last, surrounded by cardinals and monsignors, these in purple, the cardinals with little caps on, he all in white, Pio Nono sailed in. All but the heretics knelt. The heretics bowed. A Spaniard, who had brought a cross to be blessed, knelt down, prostrated himself upon the ground, and rubbed his forehead upon the foot of the pope. All the visitors had been ranged in line; and the pope passed along the line, giving to each person his ringed hand to kiss, the whitest, plumpest little hand it had ever been my fortune to see. He asked us in French if we were Americans, expressed his delight at being answered in Italian, and pronounced the blessing, from which, by a polite but expressive gesture, he seemed to exclude us who were not of the faithful:—"Benedictio Dei Omnipotentis descendat super vos et maneat semper, in nomine Patris, et Filii et Spiritus Sancti." Then he passed into the next room, and we trooped into the ante-chamber, to see him again as he came out. Ladies, and gentlemen who brought ladies, had been received in the second room; and we met a friend who had escorted, besides an English lady, the daughter of the landlord of his lodgings. Through his landlord's interest with the prior of a convent he had that morning obtained admission. That is how we saw the pope. No questions had been asked about religion, nor, as far as we could ascertain, about social standing. The pope receives constantly, and is said to enjoy the proceeding very much, probably taking as a tribute to his sovereignty what is often nothing more than curiosity. Curiosity is sometimes not tempered with much respect; and we met at Naples two young Englishmen fresh from Eton, who, having received tickets for an audience held on Thursday, left on Wednesday, after returning their invitations, in order not to miss the fine weather. It may sound ungrateful in our mouths to say so, but it seems to us that the easy kind of introduction upon which the pope grants audiences has a tendency to make him what is expressively termed "too cheap."